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ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH IN INDIA OF COLONEL WILLIAM BAILLIE OF DUNAIN, 1780-1782.

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[CONTINUED.]

It would have been observed that the writer of the manuscript was very guarded in his reference to the Commander-in-chief. Others were not so. In another manuscript, apparently written by an actor in the events narrated, the author says, after bringing his narrative down to the first repulse of Tippoo Saib, and the taking of so many guns:—"The Grenadiers had put themselves in possession of the enemy's guns, but were staggered at the appearance of a large body of horse on their right flank, which proved no less than the van of Hyder's army. The Grenadiers supposing their intention was to cut them off from the line, and seeing no support advancing from that quarter, abandoned the enemy's guns, and began to retreat in some disorder to the line.

"The body of horse charged the line, but were repulsed with loss, part of them coming up with the rear of the Grenadiers before they were able to reach the line, several of them were cut down. Tippoo Saib soon put himself in possession of his guns thus abandoned by the Grenadier Sepoys, and no steps having been taken to render them useless, they were opened upon us immediately after the horse were repulsed. Hyder by this time had formed his line, and his guns began to open upon us from all quarters.

"The appearance of his army seemed to strike our Sepoys with dismay; and the rapid retreat of the Grenadiers into the line, threw them into some confusion. After faintly returning the cannonade a few minutes, our guns became useless for want of ammunition. Our only hope was now the General's marching to our relief. Our army and Hyder's being encamped in sight of each other on the evening of the 8th (at which time Colonel Fletcher marched from Conjeveram to join us), it was reasonable to suppose the General would not allow Hyder to move, without being at his heels. On this supposition we built our hopes, as nothing but the appearance of our army could save us.

"Hyder's guns advanced upon us at every discharge, and his infantry

with their scattered fire killed a number of our people. They had done but little execution with their guns till they brought four upon the high ground, which took the detachment directly in flank. The guns, I was afterwards informed, were directed by Mons. Gallie in person, and were, in a great measure the cause of hastening our defeat.

"We were now completely surrounded on all sides, and not less than 60 pieces of cannon playing upon us, without being able to return a single shot. The Sepoys appeared alarmed, and began to crowd towards the rear, in spite of all their officers could do to prevent it, some of them leaving their ranks, ran about in great disorder. The Europeans alone at this time were steady and in good order. The confusion among the Sepoys was soon perceived by the enemy, and their horse began to close upon us from every quarter. Such a moving world advancing upon us, and no ammunition to our guns to keep them off, completed the disorder of the Sepoys. In spite of the smart firing that was kept up by the troops then in order, the enemy kept pressing forward. All was confusion. Colonel Baillie after making every effort to save us, perceiving all was lost, and that it was his duty to save as many of the lives of his people as he could, held up a white flag for quarter. At this moment the horse were almost upon the point of the bayonets, but pulled up on perceiving the white flag. The enemy pointed to a smart firing which was kept up by our people towards the rear. Colonel Baillie sent orders to throw down their arms, but the firing continuing, the horse cut in."

This writer clearly infers that Hyder should not have been allowed to move without Munro "being at his heels," and that Hyder was apprehensive such would be the case, is demonstrated by his instant retreat to the Round Wells. Had the Commander-in-chief pushed on, it is not too much to say, that the losses of the morning would have been retrieved, and Colonel Baillie released. But first Munro's delay, and second his retreat, ultimately cost thousands of lives and millions of treasure.

We resume, however, the narrative:

After Colonel Baillie's defeat, another manuscript says:—"Hyder disgraced his victory by the manner in which he treated his prisoners. Col. Baillie was stripped and brought before him wounded in three different places. Hyder, quite intoxicated with success, exulted over him with unsoldierlike cruelty, which the other retorted with such spirit and contempt, that Colonel Assar (of the French army) says, he apprehended Hyder would have been exasperated to an act of fatal barbarity. A European officer in Hyder's service, of the name of Elliot, was beat by his order in the Durbar for carrying necessities to Colonel Baillie.

"Hyder after the action, without halting on the field of battle, retreated to the Round Wells, leaving many of his wounded behind him, expecting to have been pursued. On his arrival there, he heard of the retreat of our army towards Chingleput, when he dispatched his cavalry in pursuit. They returned the next day loaded with plunder, and with many prisoners, most of them horribly wounded.

"This officer says that very few of our artillery were taken, most of them being cut down by their guns, which they defended to the last, and that the greatest part of the Europeans who were made prisoners, are so

grievously wounded that he imagines few can recover ; that officers and men are denied the common necessities of life, and subjected to every species of bad usage.

"Colonel Assar, in the presence of the Governor of Goa, bestowed the highest encomiums upon Colonel Baillie, and repeatedly said that every manoeuvre which he made, showed him to be an officer of great experience, conduct, and knowledge in his profession ; and that he did not think any troops in the world could have displayed more intrepidity and determined resolution than the troops under his command, both European and Sepoys."

It would appear that the prisoners were at first very badly used, and rumours of ill-treatment in confinement had reached Inverness. Dr Alves writing from Inverness on 18th January 1783 to his brother-in-law, John Baillie, afterwards Colonel John Baillie of Dunain, who had been serving on Sir Eyre Coote's staff, says :—"The accounts we got, and the reports which have prevailed upon such occasions, by no means serve to relieve our anxiety. We have been told that your brother was treated with severity, and kept by the black savage, whose prisoner he is, in very close confinement, and even in irons. This cursed report had well-nigh cost poor Nelly her life ; and though we collected several circumstances afterwards that rendered the account improbable, yet the idea frequently comes across her, and throws a damp on her spirits that nothing can get the better of."

The following interesting letter from Lieutenant Francis Baillie, then serving under Munro, to Dr Alves, dated Fort-George, Madras, 28th November 1780, shows that Colonel Baillie was well treated :—

DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since you have heard from me, and now I am afraid the following sheets will tire your patience. You have no doubt ere now heard of our misfortunes on this coast ; yet, give me leave to give you, what I think a just account of them. On the 10th of Sept., about ten in the morning, Colonel Baillie with about 3600 men, were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, by Hyder Ali. His army consisted of 50,000 men, and by all accounts, he had two-and-forty guns ; whereas our troops had only ten, and even with this small number, Hyder's army were repulsed two or three times before they got the better. A cannonade began about twelve o'clock the preceding night, which continued some time and was very plainly heard in General Munro's camp. Had he marched at that time, as was expected, the troops being all lying on their arms, we would have come time enough to have obtained a most complete victory. Instead of which he delayed marching until the next morning, half an-hour after sunrise, so that by the time we got within five miles of the place of action, the General was informed that very superior numbers had got the better of the small force commanded by Colonel Baillie, after fighting most gallantly from day-break till about ten o'clock. When the accounts of the defeat arrived, we retreated to Conjeveram, where we remained on our arms that night. About two in the morning of the 11th, we set out for Chingleput, a fort belonging to the Company, and on our road to this place ; that day we retreated, or rather fled, with the remains of our army and thirty-two guns, the distance of thirty five miles. During this flight we lost the whole baggage of the army. We halted one day at Chingleput, where we received a small re-inforcement, after which the little army we had, quite disheartened, made a march of twenty-seven miles, which brought us to St Thomas' Mount, within nine miles of Fort-George. The battle of Balkassar, and the stumbling into Pondicherry, by which Sir Hector has acquired such laurels, will not now save his credit ; for he has given very clear proofs at this time that he has no idea of the profession of a soldier. You will think this extraordinary of a man that has come to such high rank, but it is the truth. The small army we have got is now in cantonments within a mile of Madras, in the garden-houses belonging to the gentlemen of the place. We have now got General Coote to command us. He came purposely from Bengal, on account of the mismanagement here, and brought with him 600 Europeans. He expected 10 battalions of Sepoys to march overland, but it is feared that

they cannot now be spared, as the Mahrattas give them enough to do there. Since we came here, Hyder has taken Arcot, the capital of our Nabob. It held out six weeks against his whole army, which now does not consist of less than 100,000 men. The number of troops in the place were 150 Europeans belonging to us, and about 1500 fighting men belonging to the Nabob. Arcot is a large place, and formerly the Nabobs used to reside in it, but since they found that money gave them great sway in our Councils, they have taken up their residence at Madras. There is a wall round the town of Arcot seven miles in circumference, with small bastions at different places. In the inside is a small fort or citadel, but not capable of any great resistance after the town is taken. By retreating to this fort our people got terms, which were, that they marched out with the honours of war, and were sent to this place on their parole not to serve against the enemy during the war. You now see that the loss of a few hours in not marching to the assistance of Colonel Baillie, when the cannonade was first heard, has lost us the most of the Carnatic, which General Coote with our small army will find no easy matter to regain. I imagine, in a month or two hence, we shall be able to take the field with about 3000 men, black and white,—of the latter near 2000—and I make no doubt but we shall give a very good account of this tyrant.

General Goddard, who has been in the field against the Mahrattas, on the Malabar Coast, is now ordered to enter Hyder's country on that side. His army consists of about 10,000, so that in a little time Hyder will find enough to do, for as soon as Goddard enters his country, he must draw off the greatest part of his army out of the Carnatic.

Since writing the above, there are accounts arrived here of 8 battalions of Sepoys having marched from Bengal for this place, so that if they come safe, I think this same Invader will get a good drubbing.

Colonel Baillie is kept in his camp with two or three more officers. He is perfectly recovered of his wounds, is very much respected by Hyder as a brave and good officer, and at the same time well treated. His brother and myself are with the army here, in cantonments. He is now made a Captain, and Deputy-Lieut.-Master-General. I was six weeks ago promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and we both are in good health.

The enclosed letter has been written some time ago, but no opportunity of forwarding it has offered until now. The list of the killed and wounded is not very just, it being made out by report of some black men; but enclosed I send you one which was received a few days ago, from one of the officers, prisoner with Hyder. You may depend upon the justness of it, as I copied it from the original. Baillie, the cadet who died of his wounds, was the same that came out in Lord Macleod's Regiment.

I think this epistle will make up for the deficiencies in time past.

My best wishes attend you, Mrs Alves, and I am truly, and believe me, dear sir, yours most truly,

(Signed) FRANCIS BAILLIE.

Fort-George, 28th Nov. 1780.

The writer of the above letter, an Inverness man, shortly after fell in action; and he is thus referred to in the letter, from Dr Alves, of 18th January 1783:—"The accounts we have had of poor Frank's death have come to us through a channel that leaves no room to doubt of its truth. Indeed, I have seen two men of the 73d Regiment that were in the same action in which he fell. This unlucky event gave Nelly and me much concern; and you may believe, it was a heavy stroke indeed to his poor mother. The loss of a promising, and an only son, could not miss to be affecting; and the loss, at the same time, of her only means of subsistence was a sad aggravation. Before we had the account of his death, the last remittance he sent her was exhausted. I had written to him that I would not see her want, and I gave her a supply accordingly. Till I hear from India, I shall continue to supply her wants out of your brother's funds, which I hope he will approve. They are not many, as she is a very moderate person, and she is so broken that I suppose they will not continue long."

That Colonel Baillie was kept in the closest confinement, and not permitted to communicate with his friends, is very clear, as there is not a scrap of writing from him after the day of his capture to his death, which

occurred on 13th November 1782. His agent in London, Mr Mitchell, writes to him in December 1783, thirteen months after his death; and his brother, John, then at Madras, was not aware of his death until 7th June 1783, when he received the following letter:—

SERINGAPATAM, 10th January 1783.

DEAR BAILLIE,—You will probably have heard, before you receive this, of your brother's death. He died the 13th November last, after an illness of three months and a half. His will and papers are in the possession of Dr Sinclair. Exclusive of his will he has left legacies to the amount of about £350 sterling, £300 of which is to your sister, Mrs Alves. His last words to me concerning you were,—“I hope in God my brother will live and get home. Tell him to go home immediately, and not to be looking too high as I have been, he can live like a prince in his own country.”

Brigade-Major's pay while in prison is an object to me, as even in case of my death it will be of great service to my brothers and sisters who, you know, stand in need of it. Perhaps your mentioning me to General Stuart will be the means of securing it for me. I can say with great truth that had your brother lived, he would have obtained pay for me, as his staff was but little, very little, of what he intended to do for me, as you will know, if ever I am released. I have a great deal to communicate to you relative to your brother's demands on the Company, but my present horrid situation will admit of my saying only that I am, my dear Baillie, most affectionately yours,

(Signed) ALEX. FRASER.

P.S.—Captain Rumley, who is my prison companion, desires his compliments to you.

This letter was written by the Colonel's aide-de-camp, Captain Fraser, and the messenger who had been bribed to deliver it had not an opportunity for nearly five months of fulfilling his mission. Thus, unhappily and prematurely, closed the career of a distinguished soldier, of whom Inverness may justly be proud.

A COMMISSION is now making enquiry in the north as to the scarcity of crabs and lobsters. We would suggest as a subject of, at least, equal importance, the scarcity of men and women, and the best way to protect them from the inroads of sheep and deer.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.—The Latin word *Lucus* (a grove) has always puzzled etymologists. To show how desperate the case was, it was suggested that it was from being deficient in light. If we look at some Latin dictionaries, such as Ainsworth's, *Lucus* is defined to be, first, a grove or wood dedicated to some saint, and left uncut; and secondly, a temple in a wood. Years ago it struck me that the above order ought to be reversed, my idea being that the primary meaning was a temple or altar—and this I derive from the Gaelic *leac*, a flat stone (suppose an altar-stone, as in the compound, *cromleach*). The name was at first applied to the altar, and afterwards to the grove around it. The sacred character of the trees so near the altar preserved them from the axe. Looked at from some distance, the trees only would be visible, and the word, applied at first to the altar, was transferred to the group of trees forming the grove. Latin has a way of often making substantives end in *us*, so that *luc* is all we have to do with. The English word *grove* is from the Gaelic *craobh*, tree.—THOMAS STRATTON.

THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

CANTO SECOND.

BOTHAIN-AIRIDH ; OR, THE SHEALINGS.

I.

When from copse, and craig, and summit
 Comes the cuckoo's lonely cry
 Down the glen from morn to midnight
 Sounding, warm June-days are nigh.
 At that cry, the heart of Allan
 Turns towards the shealings green,
 Where for ages every summer
 Men of Sheaniebhal have been.
 Bonny shealings, green and bielded,
 Where there meet two corrie burns,
 Ault-na-noo and Ault-a-bhealaich,
 Pouring from high mountain urns.
 Small green knolls of pasture fringing
 Skirts of darksome Màm-clach-ard,
 Scour-na-naat and Scour-na-ciecha
 Westward keeping awful guard.
 Allan then, one grave glance round him
 East and west the long glen cast,
 Saw the clouds were high and steady,
 Knew the wintry weather was past ;
 Then spake loud to all his people—
 " Mak' ye for the shealings boun : "
 On the morrow every door was
 Closed within the old farm-toun.

II.

When the light lay on the mountains
 Of a morning calm and mild,
 From their homes the people going
 Set their faces to the wild.
 Then were seen whole families climbing
 Up among the hoary cairns,
 Grandairs, grandames, fathers, mothers,
 Lads and lasses, winsome bairns,
 Driving calves, and kye for milking,
 Goats and small sheep on before,

Two white ponies trudging after
With their all of household store.
Here the blackcock, all his rivals
Driven aloof, on yonder mound
Sits and spreads his snowy pinion,
Drumming to his mates around.
There the redcock, new in plumage,
Scarlet crest in fresh May-glow,
From the distant heights replying,
Calls aloud with cheery crow.
Yonder Alpine hare before them
Canters lazily away,
With her coat snow-white in winter,
Now returned to dark-blue grey ;
Then aloof, on hind legs rising,
Perking ears in curious mood,
Listens, " whence have these intruders
Come to scare my solitude."
Downward the hen-harrier stooping,
To and fro doth flit and wheel,
Stealthily along the heather,
Hunting for his morning meal.

III.

Westward sloped the sun, ere reaching
Hillocks by the meeting burns,
Men begin last summer's bothies
Thatching, with dry heath and ferns.
Wives the while, small ingles kindle,
Spread fresh heather beds on floor ;
For the milk and cheese make ready
Roomy sconce in ben-most bore.
Angus and his kilted comrades
In the hill-burn splash and shout,
All about the granite boulders
Guddling for the speckled trout.
Well-a-day ! but life was bonny
With our folk in those old days ;
Children barefoot, morn and even,
Wandering high on bracken braes ;
Lips and faces purpled over
With the rich abundant fill
Of blaë, wortle, and crow-berries,
Gathered wide from craig and hill ;
Nature's own free gladness sharing
Through the sweetest of the year,
With the red grouse crowing round them,
And far-heard the belling deer ;
From behind, the mountain quiet
Blending with the lilting cry

Of the women homeward calling
Down their goats and daunted kye.

IV.

It befell one time of shealings
Allan with his youngest boy,
Angus, high above the bothies
Wandered on some hill-employ ;
When from top of Ault-a-bhealaich
Looking, they beheld the bowl,
Caldron-shaped and dark in shadow,
Far beneath, of Corrie-na-Gaul.
"Was not that the hiding-place," cried
Angus, starting at the name,
"Where ye refuged, when Prince Charlie
Guiding, through these hills ye came ?"
"Many a place we had for hiding,"
Answered Allan, "first and last :"
"Tell me all the way ye travelled,
Whence the Prince came, whither passed."
"Well, dear laddie ! sith ye will it,
I will teach thee what befell
After that the Prince bade Flora,
And the shores of Skye farewell.

V.

As he steered up dark Loch Nevish,
And set foot on mainland shore,
Deadly foes were close behind him,
Deadly, keeping watch before.
Seaward, every frith and islet,
Girt and swept by hostile sail ;
Landward, one long line of sentries,
Post on post, kept hill and dale.
High and low, on glen and summit,
From Glenfinnan to Lochourn,
All the day saw guards patrolling,
All the night red watch-fires burn.
Fast across the hills of Morar
Sped the Prince to Borodale—
That leal House, when first he landed,
Welcomed him with glad 'all hail.'
There before his eyes the bonny
Homestead lay—a blackened heap—
Mid the craigs and woods o'erhanging,
The old Laird in hiding deep
With his sons kept. Thither guided,
Lay the Prince in safety there
For three days, till foemen prowling
Close and closer girt their lair.

Then these leal Macdonalds longer
Could not their loved Prince conceal,
He must leave Clanranald's country
For the mountains of Lochiel.
Soon to Cameron of Glen Pean
Came the word that he must wait
For the Prince, on one lone hill, and
Guide him through that desperate strait.
To our town, came Donald crying,
'Up and help the Prince with me,'
For he knew of these hill-passes
I had better skill than he.

VI.

Long we kept the cairn of trysting,
But none living came that way;
Then to seek them through the mountains
Far we wandered: summer day
Into midnight deep was darkening,
When low down faint forms appear,
Through a slack between the mountains
Moving dim like stragglers deer.
Who they might be, all unknowing,
Down we hurried to the vale;
Forward one then stepped to meet us—
Who but brave Glenaladale?
Glad was he to find no stranger,
But Glen Pean, whom he knew;
Glad the Prince to greet a Cameron
Long since proven leal and true.
Two days after dark Culloden,
A night 'neath Donald's roof he lay,
When in haste for Moidart making
Came he by Loch Arkaig way.

VII.

'Come, thrice welcome! fain are we to
Place our lives within thy hand,
Through these fires, where'er you lead us,
We will follow thy command,'
Low the Prince to Donald whispered,
For the watch-fires blazed anear,
And the sentry-voices answering,
Each to other, smote our ear.
'Trust us, Prince! our best endeavour
We will give to bring you through,
But the paths are rough and rocky,
And the hours of darkness few.'
Then, as leaders, I and Donald
On thro' darkness groped and crawled,

Down black moss-hags gashed and miry,
 Up great corries, torrent-sprawled ;
 Till all faint with toil and travel,
 As around the watch-fires wane,
 In the first grey of the dawning
 Yonder summit we attain,—
 Southern wall of long Glen Dessaray,
 Mamnyn-Callum—that round hill—
 There, like hares far-hunted, squatting
 Close we kept all day and still ;
 Eyeing the red-coats beneath us,
 How like wasps they swarm and spread
 From their camp within the meadow,
 Pitched beside Loch-Arkaig-head.
 Though so near, Glenpean bade the
 Prince take rest, and nothing dread,
 For yestreen all Mamnyn-Callum
 They had searched from base to head.

VIII.

Sundown over Scour-na-ciecha,
 Forth we creep from out our lair,
 Just as the watch-fires rekindling
 Leap up through the gloamin' air.
 On the face of Meal-na-Sparden,
 'Neath the sentries close, we keep
 Westward, down yon cliff descending
 To Glen-Lochan-Anach deep.
 At the darkest of the night, we
 Crossed our own Glen-head, and heard
 Eerie voices of the howlets
 Hooting from dim Màm-clach-ard.
 Crawling then, up Ault-a-bhealaich,
 Just at this spot—waning dim
 O'er the mountains of Glengarry—
 Ghost-like hung the crescent's rim:
 When we turned the bealach, downward
 By yon rocky rough burn-head ;
 With this right hand, through the darkness
 Him, our darling Prince, I led.
 O ! to think that such as I should
 Grasp within this hand of mine
 Him, the heir of all these Islands,
 Last of Albyn's kingly line !
 Think that he was fain to refuge
 In yon grim and dripping hold ;
 He whose home should have been a palace,
 And his bed a couch of gold !

IX.

All these gnarl'd black-corried mountains
Hold no den like Corrie-na-Gaul—
Womb of blackest rain-storms—cradle
Of the winds, that fiercest howl.
See ye yon grey rocky screetan
Down from that dark precipice strown,
There I led them to a cavern
Under yon huge shelter-stone.
All the day we heard the gun-shots
On the mountains overhead,
Well we knew red-coats were busy
Shooting our poor people dead.
Two days we had all but fasted,
Now were growing hunger-faint,
All the while the Prince would cheer us,
Not one murmur or complaint ;
Though for many days, the choicest
Fare he had his want to fill
Was scant oatmeal, cold spring water,
And wild berries from the hill.
So in search of food I ventured
Down to where some shealings were,
But I found them all abandoned,
And the bothies empty and bare.
Baffled, I returned and brought them
Forth from our dark cavern-bed,
And, though full the daylight, led them
Warily to a mountain head,
That o'erlooked Glen-quoich's dark waters ;
There, what saw we close below
But a camp with red-coats swarming,
And a troop in haste to go
Up the very hill we lodged in !
All about they searched that day,
Close we cowered, and heaven so guided
That they came not where we lay.
Then the Prince said, 'not another
Sun shall rise ere we shall make
Trial to pass the chain of sentries—
Life upon that hazard stake.'

X.

Gloamin' fell, we rose and started
From our lair, a stealthy race
O'er that stream and flat Lôn-meadow,
Up yon wrinkled mountain face,—
Druim-a-chosi,—from that summit
Seen, a watch-fire wildly burned

In the glen, across our pathway—
 Westward to the side we turned :
 And so close we passed it, voices
 Of the sentinels reached our ear—
 Low we crouched, and round the hillocks
 Crawled, like stalkers of the deer.
 Up a hill flank—(Druim-a-chosi
 Will not let us now discern)
 Scrambling up a torrent's bed, we
 Won the ridge of Leach-na-fearn.
 There, in our descending pathway
 Down before us, full in view
 Watch-fires twain in grey dawn flickered,
 That way we must venture through.
 Then I said, 'Prince! ere you venture,
 Let me first the passage prove';
 And, with that, few steps to westward
 Crept adown a torrent's groove.
 There I watched till warders pacing
 Passed each other, back to back;
 Swift, but mute, I passed between them,
 Safe returned the self-same track.
 And we all kept close in shelter,
 Till again they face to face
 Met and passed each other, leaving
 Back to back, an empty space.
 Quick I darted forward, whispering,
 'Now's our time, Prince! follow me':
 Few brief breathless moments crawling
 Down the corrie—we were free.
 Out beyond the chain of sentries,
 Down by Lochan-doire-dhu,
 'Neath the bield of birks and alders,
 Past the mouth of Corrie-hoo,
 Up the rock of Innis-craikie—
 Just as the last star grew pale
 On the brow of Scour-a-vorarr,
 Reached we Corrie-scorridale.

XI.

There, in rocky den safe-sheltered,
 O the welcome blest repose!
 Time at last for food and slumber,
 Respite from relentless foes.
 When a day and night were over,
 We arose and wandered on,
 Northward to the Seaforth country,
 West from long Glenmorriston.
 Then, I knew my work was ended,
 For those hills to me were strange,

And a clansman of Glengarry's
 Bred amid that mountain range—
 One who had shar'd Culloden battle—
 Was at hand a guide to be.
 Then the Prince turned round, and gazing
 On my face, spake words to me :
 'Allan ! what can I repay thee
 For thy service done so well,
 Naught but thanks are mine to render,
 Heart-deep thanks, and long farewell.'
 In his own he grasped this right hand,
 The Prince grasped it—never since—
 Never while I breathe shall mortal
 Grasp this hand which touched the Prince.*
 Think na ye the tears came fa'ing,
 Think na ye my heart was sair,
 Watching him depart, and knowing
 I should see his face nae mair."

(To be Continued.)

NIEL MACKAY'S nurse is said to have been so much attached to him as generally to have accompanied him to the field of battle. On one occasion she brought her seven sons along with her, to accompany their chieftain; and as he happened, during some part of the engagement, to be dangerously beset by a company of archers, she took one of her sons and placed him in front, to defend him from the enemies' arrows. When this one was slain she placed another, and so on, till all her seven sons were either slain or wounded, still exclaiming as they fell—"Apran ur air beulabh Naile"—*A new apron in front of Niel!* In another conflict, Niel being sore wounded with a poisoned arrow, and lying on the ground in great pain, when he saw his nurse coming towards him, immediately called out to keep her away, as she would only torment him, without being of any service in his present condition. She was not, however, to be so restrained, but lying down upon him, carefully extracted the deadly weapon, and with her mouth sucked out the poison. He soon after completely recovered.—*History of the Clan Mackay.*

* This is literally true of Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven men who sheltered the Prince, on his way north, in the Cave of Corombian. Chisholm went afterwards to reside in Edinburgh, where many called on him out of curiosity, to see one who had been such a devoted adherent of Prince Charlie. Chisholm received money from several of these admirers, and in return, while thanking them, he always offered them a shake of his left hand, excusing himself for not giving the right, by saying, that since he had shaken hands with the bonnie Prince at parting, he resolved never to give his right hand to any man, until he saw the Prince again. We have heard the same story related of John Macdonald, one of the Glengarry men, of which an old oil painting is now to be seen in a certain place in Inverness, snuff-horn in hand, and with a trusty crook under his arm—a real picture of the "olden time." It has the following inscription:—"John Macdonald, aged 107 years, adherent of Prince Charles Stuart." (Ed. C. M.)

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

THERE are various other unfulfilled predictions of the Seer's to be noticed. One is regarding *Clach an Tiompain*, a well-known stone in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed Strathpeffer Wells. It is, like *Clach an t-Seasaidh*, an upright, pillar-looking stone, which, when struck, makes a great hollow sound or echo, and hence its designation, the literal meaning of which is the "stone of the hollow sound or echo." *Coinneach* said "that the day will come when ships will ride with their cables attached to *Clach an Tiompain*." It is perhaps superfluous to point out that this has not yet come to pass; and we can only imagine two* ways in which it is possible to happen, either by a canal being made through the valley of Strathpeffer, passing in the neighbourhood of the *Clach*, or by the stone being removed some day by

* Since the above was written, we have taken a ramble through the neighbourhood of Loch Ussie, and found our way to the top of Knockfarrel, famous for its perfect specimen of a vitrified fort. We were so struck with the great size and uniformity of the foundation of this pre-historic stronghold that we paced it, and found it be one hundred and fifty paces in length, with a uniform width of forty, both ends terminating in a semi-circle, from each of which projects, for a distance of sixty paces, vitrified matter, as if it were originally a kind of promenade, thus making the whole length of the structure two hundred and seventy yards, or thereabout. On the summit of the hill we met two boys herding cows, and as our previous experience taught us that boys, as a rule, —especially herd boys— are acquainted with the traditions and places of interest in the localities which they frequent, we were curious enough to ask them if they ever heard of *Coinneach Odhair* in the district, and if he ever said anything regarding the fort on Knockfarrel. They took us to what they called "Fingal's Well," in the interior of the ruined fort, and said that this well was used by the inhabitants of the fortress "until Fingal, one day, drove them out, and placed a large stone over the well, which has ever since kept the water from oozing up, after which he jumped to the other side of the (Strathpeffer) valley." There being considerable rains for some days prior to our visit, water could be seen in the "well," but one of the boys drove down his stick until he reached the stone, producing a hollow sound which unmistakably indicated the existence of a cavity beneath it. "*Coinneach Odhair* foretold," said the boy, "that if ever that stone was taken out of its place, Loch Ussie would ooze up through the well and flood the valley below to such an extent that ships would sail up to Strathpeffer and be fastened to *Clach an Tiompain*; and this would happen after the stone had fallen three times. It has already fallen twice," continued our youthful informant, "and you can now see it newly raised, strongly and carefully propped up, near the end of the doctor's house." And so it is, and can be seen, on the right, a few paces from the road side, as you proceed up to the Strathpeffer Wells. We think it right to give this—a third—with the other versions, for probably the reader will agree that the one is just as likely to happen as the other. We can quite understand Kenneth prophesying that the sea would yet reach Strathpeffer, for to any one standing where we did, on the summit of Knockfarrel, the bottom of the valley appears much lower than the Oromarty Firth, beyond Dingwall, and it looks as if it might, any day, break through the apparently slender natural embankment below Tulloch Castle, which seemed, from where we stood, to be the only obstruction in its path. We need, however, hardly inform the reader in the district that the bottom of the Strathpeffer valley is, in reality, several feet above the present sea level.

the authorities of *Baile Chail* to Dingwall pier. They may feel disposed to thus aid the great prophet of their county to secure the position as a great man, which we now claim in his behalf. Another prediction is, that concerning the Canonry of Ross, which is still standing—"The day will come when, full of the Mackenzies, it will fall with a fearful crash." This may come to pass in several ways. The Canonry is the principal burying-place of the Clan, and it may be full of dead Mackenzies, or it may fall when a large concourse of the Clan is present at the funeral of a great chief.

"When two false teachers come across the seas, who will revolutionize the religion of the land, and when nine bridges will span the river Ness, the Highlands will be overrun with ministers without grace and women without shame," is a prediction which some maintain has all the appearance of being rapidly fulfilled at this moment. It has been suggested that the two false teachers are no other than the great evangelists, Messrs Moody and Sankey, who, no doubt, from *Coinneach Odhar's* stand-point of orthodoxy, attempted to revolutionize the religion of the Highlands. If this be so, the other portions of the prophecy are looming not far off in the immediate future. We have already seven bridges on the Ness, the eighth is being completed, and the funds with which to build the ninth are almost already in hand. If we are to accept the opinions of certain of the clergy themselves, "ministers without grace" are becoming the rule, and as for a plenitude of "women without shame," ask any ancient matron, and she will at once tell you that Kenneth's prophecy may be held to have been fulfilled in that particular any time within the last half century. *Gleidh sinne!!*

It is possible the following may have something to do with the same revolution in the Highlands. Mr MacLennan says:—"With reference to some great revolution which should take place in the country, *Coinneach Odhar* said that 'before that event shall happen, the water of the river Beaully will thrice cease to run. On one of these occasions a salmon, having shells instead of scales, will be found in the bed of the river.' This prophecy has been in part fulfilled, for the Beaully has on two occasions ceased to run, and a salmon of the kind mentioned has been found in the bed of the river." Mr Macintyre gives another version of this one:—"When the river Beaully is dried up three times, and a 'scaly salmon' (or royal sturgeon) is caught in the river, that will be a time of great trial." *Nuair a thraoghas abhainn na Manachain tri uairean, agus a ghlacair Bradan Sligeach air grunn na h-aibhne, 's ann a sin a' bhlitheas an deuchainn ghoirt.* The river has been already dried up twice, the last time in 1826, and a *Bradán Sligeach*, or royal sturgeon, measuring nine feet in length, has been caught in the estuary of the Beaully about two years ago.

We have yet to see the realization of the following:—"A dun, hornless, cow (supposed to mean a steamer) will appear in the Minch (off Carr Point, in Gairloch), and make a 'geum,' or bellow, which will knock the six chimneys off Gairloch House." "*Thig bo mhaol odhar a steach an t-Aite mor agus leigeas i geum uiste' chuireas na se beannagan dheth an Tigh Dhige.*" Gairloch House, or the *Tigh Dige* of *Coinneach's* day, would be the old

house which stood in the park on the right, as we proceed from the bridge in the direction of the present house. The walls were of wattled twigs, wicker work, or plaited twig hurdles, thatched with turf or divots, and surrounded with a deep ditch, which could, in time of approaching danger, be filled with water from the river, hence the name "*Tigh Diga*," House of the Ditch. It has been suggested that the Seer's predictions referred to this stronghold, but a strong objection to this theory appears in the circumstance that the ancient citadel had no chimneys to fall off.

"The day will come when a fox will rear a litter of cubs on the hearthstone of Castle Downie." "The day will come when a fox, white as snow, will be killed on the west coast of Sutherlandshire." "The day will come when a wild deer will be caught alive at Chanonry Point, in the Black Isle." "The day will come when a river in Wester Ross will be dried up." "The day will come when there will be such a dire persecution and such bloodshed in the county of Sutherland, that people can ford the river Oykel dryshod, over dead men's bodies." "The day will come when a raven, attired in plaid and bonnet, will drink his full of human blood on *Fionn-bheinn*, three times a day, for three successive days."

"A battle will be fought at *Ault-na-Torcan*, in the Lewis, which will be a bloody one indeed. It will truly take place, though the time may be far hence, but woe to the mothers of sucklings that day. The defeated host will continue to be cut down till it reaches *Ard-a-chaolais* (a place nearly seven miles from *Ault-na-Torcan*), and there the swords will make terrible havock." We are not aware that this has yet occurred.

With respect to the clearances in Lewis, he said—"Many a long waste feannag (rig, once arable) will yet be seen between Uig of the Mountains and Ness of the Plains." That this prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, no one acquainted with the country will deny.

Speaking of what should come to pass in the parish of Lochs, he said—"At bleak Runish in Lochs, they will spoil and devour, at the foot of the crags, and will split heads by the score." He is also said to have predicted "that the day will come when the raven will drink its three fulls of the blood of the Clan Macdonald on the top of the Hills of Minaraidh in Parks, in the parish of Lochs." This looks like as if the one already given about the Mackenzies had been misapplied to the Macdonalds.

Regarding the battle of *Ard-nan-Ceann*, at Benbecula, North Uist, he said—"Oh, *Ard-nan-Ceann*, *Ard-nan-Ceann*, glad am I that I will not be at the end of the South Clachan that day, when the young men will be weary and faint; for *Ard-nan-Ceann* will be the scene of a terrible conflict."

"When a magpie (*pitheid*) shall have made a nest for three successive years in the gable of the Church of Ferrintosh, the Church will fall when full of people," is one of those regarding which we find it difficult to decide whether it has been already fulfilled or not. Mr Macintyre, who supplied us with this version, adds the following remarks:—The Church of Ferrintosh was known at an earlier period as the Parish Church of Urquhart and Loggie. Some maintain that this prediction refers to the Church of Urray. Whether this be so or not, there were circumstances connected with the Church of Ferrintosh in the time of the

famous Rev. Dr Macdonald which seemed to indicate the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy, and which led to very alarming consequences. A magpie actually did make her nest in the church gable, exactly as foretold. This, together with a rent between the church wall and the stone stairs which led up to the gallery, seemed to favour the opinion that the prophecy was on the eve of being accomplished, and people felt uneasy when they glanced upon the ominous nest, the rent in the wall, and the crowded congregation, and remembered *Coinneach's* prophecy, as they walked into the church to hear the Doctor. It so happened one day that the church was unusually full of people, insomuch that it was found necessary to connect the ends of the seats with planks, in order to accommodate them all. Unfortunately, one of those temporary seats was either too weak, or too heavily burdened: it snapped in two with a loud report, and startled the audience. *Coinneach Odhar's* prophecy flashed across their minds, and a simultaneous rush was made by the panic-struck congregation to the door. Many fell, and were trampled under-foot, while others fainted, being seriously crushed and bruised.

Among a rural population, sayings and doings, applicable to a particular parish, crop up, and, in after times, are applied to occurrences in neighbouring parishes. Having regard to this, may it not be suggested that, what is current locally in regard to Ferrintosh and *Coinneach's* saying, may only be a transcript of an event now matter of history in a parish on the northern side of the Cromarty Firth. We refer to the destruction of the Abbey Church at Fearn by lightning, October 10, 1742. We have never seen a detailed account of this sad accident in print, and have no doubt the reader will be glad to have a graphic description of it from the pen of Bishop R. Forbes, the famous author of the "Jacobite Memoirs," who visited his diocese of Ross and Caithness in the summer of 1762. This account is taken from his unpublished MS. Journal, now the property of the College of Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and presently in the hands of the Rev. F. Smith, Arpafelie, who has kindly permitted us to make the following extract:—

"The ruinous Church of Ferne was of old an Abbey of White Friars (see Keith's Catalogue, p. 247). The roof of flagstones, with part of a side wall, was beat down in an instant by thunder and lightning on Sunday, October 10th, 1742, and so crushed and bruised forty persons, that they were scarcely to be discovered who or what they were, and therefore, were buried promiscuously, without any manner of distinction. The gentry, having luckily their seats in the niches, were saved from the sudden crash, as was the preacher by the sounding-boards falling upon the pulpit, and his bowing down under it. Great numbers were wounded (see Scot's Magazine for 1742, p. 485). But there is a most material circumstance not mentioned, which has been carefully concealed from the publishers, and it is this: By a Providential event, this was the first Sunday that the Rev., and often mentioned, Mr Stewart, had a congregation near Cadboll, in view of Ferne, whereby many lives were saved, as the kirk was far from being so thronged as usual, and that he and his people, upon coming out from worship, and seeing the dismal falling-in

just when it happened, hastened with all speed to the afflictive spot, and dragged many of the wounded out of the rubbish, whose cries would have pierced a heart of adamant. Had not this been the happy case, I speak within bounds when I say two, if not three, to one would have perished. Some of the wounded died. This church has been a large and lofty building, as the walls are very high, and still standing."

It has been suggested that this prediction was fulfilled by the falling to pieces of the Church at the Disruption, but we would be loath to stake the reputation of our prophet on this assumption.

We have now disposed of most, if not all, the unfulfilled prophecies we have been able to procure, and will proceed to give one or two as to which there is a doubt whether they have been fulfilled or not. We shall then give some comparatively unimportant predictions, as to the fulfilment of which there can be no doubt whatever, and afterwards proceed to detail those which have been fulfilled in such a literal and extraordinary manner in the history of the great, and once powerful, Mackenzies of Seaforth.

In connection with the battle, or battles, at *Cille-Chriosd* and the Muir of Ord, Mr Macintyre says:—The Seer foretold that '*Fear Ruadh an Uird* (the Red Laird of Ord) would be carried home, wounded, on blankets.' Whether this saying has reference to an event looming in the distant future, or is a fragment of a tradition regarding sanguinary events well known in the history of *Cille-Chriosd*, and of which a full and graphic account both in prose and verse can be seen on pp. 82-86 and 136-139, Vol. I. of the *Celtic Magazine*, it is impossible to say.

The following prediction would appear to have been made solely on account of the unlikelihood of the occurrence:—"A Lochalsh woman will weep over the grave of a Frenchman in the Lochalsh burying-place." People imagined they could discern in this an allusion to some battle on the West Coast, in which French troops would be engaged; but there was an occurrence which gave it a far different interpretation. A native of Lochalsh married a French footman, who, shortly after this event, died, and was interred in the burying-ground of Lochalsh, thus leaving his widow to mourn over his grave. This may appear a commonplace matter enough, but it must be remembered that a Frenchman in Lochalsh, and especially a Frenchman whom a Highland woman would mourn over, in *Coinneach's* day, was a very different phenomenon to what it is in our days of railways, tourists, and steamboats.

The Seer also predicted the formation of a railway through the Muir of Ord, handed down in the following stanza:—

*Nuair a bhios da eaglais an Sgìre na Toiseachd
A's lamh da ordaig an I-Stian'
Da dhrochaid aig Sguideal nan geocaire
As fear da imleag an Duncan
Thig Mìltearan a Carn a-chlarsair,
Air curbad gun each gun srian,
A dh-fhagas am Blar-dubh na shasach
'Dortadh fust le iomadh sgian;
A's olaidh am fìtheach a thri saitheachd
Dé dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal, bho clach nam Fionn.*

Here is a literal translation :—

When there shall be two churches in the Parish of Ferrintosh,
And a hand with two thumbs in *I-Stiana*,
Two bridges at *Sguidéal* (Conon) of the gormandizers,
And a man with two navels at Dunean,
Soldiers will come from *Carn a Chlarsair* (Tarradale)
On a chariot without horse or bridle,
Which will leave the *Blar-dubh* (Muir of Ord) a wilderness,
Spilling blood with many knives;
And the raven shall drink his three fulls
Of the blood of the Gael from the Stone of *Fionn*.

We already have two churches in the Parish of Ferrintosh, two bridges at Conon, and we are told by an eye witness, that there is actually at this very time a man with two navels in *I-Stiana*, in the Black Isle, and a man not far from Dunean with two thumbs on each hand. The "Chariot without horse or bridle" is undoubtedly the "iron horse," but what particular event the latter part of the prediction refers to, it is impossible to say; but if we are to have any faith in the Seer, something serious is looming not very remotely in the future.

Mr Macintyre sends us the following, which is clearly a fragment of the one already given :—*Coinneach Odhar* foresaw the formation of a railway through the Muir of Ord, which he said 'would be a sign of calamitous times.' The prophecy regarding this is handed down to us in the following form :—'That he would not like to live when a black bridleless horse would pass through the Muir of Ord.' *Fearchair a Ghunna* (Farquhar of the Gun, an idiotic simpleton who lived during the latter part of his extraordinary life on the Muir of Tarradale) seems in his own quaint way to enter into the spirit of this prophecy, when he compared the train, as it first passed through this district, to the funeral of 'Old Nick.' Tradition gives another version of this prediction, viz :—'That after four successive dry summers, a fiery chariot would pass through the *Blar Dubh*,' which, it is said, was very literally fulfilled. *Coinneach Odhar* was not the only person that had a view before-hand of this railway line, for it is commonly reported that a man residing in the neighbourhood of Beaully, gifted with second-sight, had a vision of the train moving along in all its headlong speed, when he was on his way home one dark autumn night, several years before the question of forming a railway in those parts was mooted.

Here are two other Gaelic stanzas having undoubted reference to the Mackenzies of Rosehaugh :—

Bheir Tanaistear Chlann Choinnich
Rocus bàn às a choille;
'S bheir e ceile bho tigh-civil
Le a mhuintir 'na aghaidh;
'S gum bi 'n Tanaistear, mor
Ann an gnìomh 's an ceann-labhairt,
'Nuair dhios am Pap' anns an Roimh
Air a thilgeadh dheth chathair,
Thall fa-chomhair Creag-a-Chodh
Comhnuichaidh taillear coal odhar;

'S Seumas gorach mar thighearn,
'S Seumas glic mar shear-tomhais—
A mharcaicheas gun srian
Air loth shiadhaich a roghainn;
Ach cuiridh mor-chuis gun chiall
'N aite siol nam fiadh siol nan gobhar;
'S tuitidh an t-Eilean-dubh briagha
Fuidh riaghladh iasgairean Aùch.

Literal translation :—

The heir (or chief) of the Mackenzies will take
A white rook out of the wood,
And will take a wife from a music house (dancing saloon),
With his people against him !
And the heir will be great
In deeds and as an orator,
When the Pope in Rome
Will be thrown off his throne.
Over opposite Creag-a-Chow
Will dwell a diminutive lean tailor,
Also Foolish James as the laird,
And Wise James as a measurer,
Who will ride without a bridle
The wild colt of his choice;
But foolish pride without sense
Will put in the place of the seed of the deer the seed of the goat ;
And the beautiful Black Isle will fall
Under the management of the fishermen of Avoch.

We have not learnt that any of the Rosehaugh Mackenzies has, as yet, taken a *white rook* from the woods ; nor have we heard anything suggested as to what this part of the prophecy may refer to. We are, however, credibly informed that one of the late Mackenzies of Rosehaugh had taken his wife from a music saloon in one of our southern cities, and that his people were very much against him for so doing. One of them, Sir George, no doubt was "great in deeds and as an orator," but we fail to discover any connection between the time in which he lived and the time "when the Pope in Rome would be thrown off his throne." We are unable to suggest the meaning of the first six lines of the second stanza, but the seventh and eighth have been most literally fulfilled, for there can be no doubt that "foolish pride without sense" has brought about what the Seer predicted, and secured, for the present at any rate, the seed of the goat where the seed of the deer used to rule. The deer, and the deer's horns, as is well known, are the armorial bearings of the Mackenzies, while the goat is that of the Fletchers, who now rule in Rosehaugh, on the ruins of its once great and famous *Cabair-feidh*.

The beautiful Black Isle has not yet fallen under the management of the fishermen of Avoch,* but who knows but some fisherman from that humble village may yet amass a sufficient fortune to buy the whole. The old proprietors, we regret, are rapidly making way with their "foolish pride without sense," for some one to purchase it.

(To be Continued.)

* Since this was in type, a friend who accidentally read the proof, asked us whether we were not aware of the fact that the present proprietor of Rosehaugh was the son of

THE HIGHLAND CELIDH.

By ALASTAIR OG.

—o—

[CONTINUED.]

KENNETH FRASER having finished the MacBeath part of the story, asked *Ruairidh Mor a Chnuic* to give that part of it which gave an account of Hector Roy's conflict with the Earl of Ross, and his future troubles; and of how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch. Roderick at once consented, and proceeded to relate, as follows:—

CIA-MAR THAINIG CLANN CHOINNICH A GHEARRLOCH.

BHA tighearna MacCoinnich ann uair-eigin a phos nighean a Mhorair Rois, agus bha i air leth shuil, agus ge be air bith a thainig eadar an tigh-earna MacCoinnich agus a Morair Ros 'sa nighean, chuir e dhachaidh thuige fhein i, agus chuir e i air muin eich air leth shuil, agus chuir e gille air leth shuil leitha, agus cu air leth shuil cuide ri. Ghabh a Morair Ros do dh' ardan 's gur ann a thigeadh e a sgrios Chlann Choinnich.

Bha gnothaichean an teaghlach aig an am so car ro mhi-chearbach. Se Coinneach, mac na mna chaidh a chur dhachaidh, a b'oighre dligheach an beachd cuid, ach cha robh ann ach duine nach robh buileach glic; cha robh e fada dar a thoisich e air cogadh ris an righ, agus fhuair an righ greim air, agus chuireadh gu bas e. Cha d'fhag e cloinn, agus fhuair a bhrathair, gille gle og, an oighreachd. Bha Eachainn Ruadh, brathair athair, na dhuine anabarrach tapaidh, agus dar a thainig a Morair Ros a thoir a mach dioghaltas, air son a nighean a chuir dhachaidh air a leithid a sheol tamailteach, 's ann ri Eachainn Ruadh a bha Clann Choinnich, gu leir, ag earbsa mar cheann-feadhna.

an Avoch fisherman? We admitted our ignorance, and expressed our surprise. Our friend then informed us that a Mr Jack, who followed the avocation of a fisherman in the village of Avoch for many years, left the place and went to reside in Elgin, where he commenced business as a small general dealer, or "huckster"; that some of the boys—his sons—exhibited a peculiar smartness while in school; that this was noticed by a lady relative of their mother; an aunt, he thought, of the name of Fletcher, who encouraged and helped on the education of the boys, and who took one or more of them to her own home, and brought them up; afterwards they found their way south, and ultimately became successful merchants and landed proprietors. In corroboration of the main facts above stated, we give the following from "Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom":—"FLETCHER, JAMES, Esq. of Rosehaugh, Rose-shire, son of the late William Jack, Esq., by Isabel, dau. of the late Charles Fletcher, Esq., and brother of J. C. Fletcher, Esq.; b. 18—; m. 1852, Frederica Mary, dau. of John Stephen, Esq., niece of Sir Alfred Stephen, C.B., Chief Justice of New South Wales, and widow of Alexander Hay, Esq., of the 58th Regt. . . . He assumed the name of Fletcher in lieu of his patronymic on the death of his mother in 1856." These are facts of which we were entirely ignorant when writing down the stanzas above given. The verses were sent to us from various quarters, and they have undoubtedly been floating about the country for generations. So much for the Seer's prophetic power in this instance. Were we acquainted with the history of the other families referred to in the stanzas, it is probable that more light could be thrown upon what they refer to, than we are at present able to do.

Thug a Morair Ros leis seachd ciad fear, air son cogadh ri Eachainn Ruadh, agus na bh' aige 'sgrios. Air cluinntinn do dh-Eachainn Ruadh air a so, chruinnich esa a dhaoine fhein, ach cha b-urrainn e thogail ach seachd fichead fear—fichead ma choinneamh a chiad a bh' aig a Mhorair.

Choinnich iad a cheile; char iad ann an ordugh, agus thoisich an cath, agus bha duine ann an sin air an robh Ruairidh Mor Mac-a-Linnean, ris an abrair mar fhrith-ainm "Suarachan," agus chaidh e a choimhead a chatha. Bha 'n gnothuich a cuir teth ri Eachainn Ruadh, 's thainig e chon an robh Suarachan, agus thubhairt e ris, "An ann mar so a tha 'Ruairidh 's mise ann an cruaidh-chas, 's nach eil thu ga ma chobhar." "Gu de gheibh mi?" ars' a Ruairidh, "Gheibh thu cuid fir ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan, 's le chladheamh mor fhein mharbh e duine, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh na rathad an dara h-uair, agus thuirt e ris: "An ann mar so a tha 'rithid a Ruairidh, 's mise an cruadh-chas?" "Gu de gheibh mi ars' a Suarachan," a rithid. "Gheibh thu cuid dithis," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh'eirich Ruairidh, 's le chladheamh mor fhein mharbh e fear eile, 's shuidh e air a chorp.

Thainig Eachainn Ruadh an treas uair agus thuirt e, "An ann mar so a tha 'rithid a Ruairidh, 's mise ann am fìor chruaidh-chas." "Cha da gheall thu dhomhs' ach cuid dithis" arsa Suarachan, 's mharbh mi dithis." "Cha bhithinn a cunntadh riut," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. Dh-eirich Suarachan le chladheamh mor ruisgte, 's e 'g eigheachd an aird a ghuth, "Am fear nach biodh a cunntadh rium, cha bhithinn a cunntadh ris." Thoisich e air an namhaid, 's chaidh an ruaig orra ann an uin' ghearr, agus thainig iad nan cabhaig gu taobh na h-aibhne, agus choinnich iad bean ris an da dh'fhoinnich iad "c'aite'n robh an t-ath air an abhuinn, air am faigheadh iad a null," "Oh, ghaolaich," arsa 'bhean, "is aon ath an abhuinn, ged tha i dubh cha'n eil i domhain." Thainig an ruaig cho teann orra 's gu robh iad a dol a mach air an abhuinn an aite sam bith an robh i tachairt riu. Bha iad a dol leis an abhuinn nan ciadan, agus bha moran phreas ri 'taobh, air an robh iad a deanamh greim. Bha Suarachan a coimhead so, agus a h-uile fear a chitheadh e 'gabhail greim air preas, bha e ruith thuige, a gearradh a phris, agus ag radh, "mo na bha mi leigil urad leat dheth an latha, leigidh mi sin leat." Chaill am Morair Ros an latha, 's choisinn Eachainn Ruadh.

Dar a thainig an t-sith, shuidh Eachainn Ruadh sa chuid daoine sìos gu biadh, ach cha robh ac' ach bonnach dha gach fear; 's cha robh bonnach idir ann da Shuarachan, ach a thug a h-uile duine greim a bhonnach fhein da, 's mar sin fhuair e an earrainn bu mho—seachd fichead grein.

A nise dar a chunnaic a Morair Ros nach b'urrainn e e fhein a dhioladh air Eachainn Ruadh, chaidh e dh-ionnsaidh 'n righ, agus fhuair e airgid cheann a chuir a Eachainn Ruadh air son a ghlacadh. B'fheudar do dh-Eachainn teicheadh, ach lean da-dhuine-dheug e, agus far am biodh e'n diugh cha b'ann a bhiodh e 'maireach. Bha e na lagh aig an am so na'n gleidheadh fear as am biodh airgid cheann e fhein seachd bliadhna, gum biodh e saor o'n toireachd.

Aig an am'so cha robh uachdaran air Gall-thaobh ach an righ fhein, agus 'se MacCailean Ar-a-ghaidheil, carraide da dh' Eachainn Ruadh a

thaobh a mhathair, a bhiodh an rìgh cur a thogail a mhail, agus fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun deach na Gallaich an co-bhonn ri cheile gum marbhadh iad Clann 'ic Chailean an ath uair a thigeadh iad a thogail a mhail. Dar a fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a mach gun robh so an ruin nan Gallach, thug e Gall-thaobh air le dha-dhuine-dheug.

Bha e ann am monadh Ghall-thaobh agus thainig MacCailean le bhuidh-inn-dion; thog iad an cuid buthan dhoibh fhein, agus chuir iad seachad an oidheche ann an sin. Dh-eirich iad sa mhaduinn, sheall MacCailean a mach, agus bha na Gallaich air cruinneachdainn 'os a chionn. Thainig e steach am measg a chuid daoine agus thuit e ri u "mar a gearr sibh troimh na Gallaich, cuiridh iad amach air a mhuir sinn; ach tha mi 'faicinn duine mor os an cionn, agus da-dhuine-dheug cuide ris, agus 's mo tha e cur a dh' eagal orm na na Gallaich gu leir."

Chaidh MacCailean sa dhaoine fuidh 'n airmeachd agus dh'fhalbh iad gu gearradh tromha. Dar a thoisich a chomh-stri, thigeadar Eachainn Ruadh sa dha-dhuine-dheug a nuas; thoisich iad air na Gallaich; se robheag dhiubh fhuair as; thainig an t-sith, agus char Eachainn Ruadh agus MacCailean an cainnt a cheile. Dh-innis Eachainn da MhacCailean an staid anns an robh e. "Gu de," arsa MacCailean, as urra mise, agus as miannach leat mi, dheanamh air da shon." "S tu fein as fhearr fios," ars' Eachainn Ruadh. "Theid thu 'Dhun-eidin air a leithid so da latha, coinnichidh mise ann an sin thu, agus chi mi gu de 's urrainn mi dheanamh air da shon," arsa MacCailean.

Air an latha 'chaidh a chur air leth, dh'fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh a Dhun-eidin, choiunnich MacCailean an sin e, agus shuidhich e ris gum biodh esa 's an rìgh ann a leithid so da dh' aite, air a leithid so da latha, esa (Eachainn Ruadh) a dhol seachad, agus a nuair a chitheadh e MacCailean san rìgh cuideachd, e thighinn far am biodh iad, 's a dhol air a ghlun air beulabh 'n rìgh; agus, thuit MacCailean ris, gum beireadh an rìgh air laimh air, gu thogail, "agus cuimhnich," ars esa, "gu n aithnich a lamh gun d-rug e ort."

Roinne so, bha MacCailean 's an rìgh a bruidhinn ri cheile mu dheidh-inn Eachainn Ruaidh, agus thubhairt an rìgh, gur e duine fiadhaich, tapaidh a bh'ann, air an robh e fairtleachdainn orra greim a dheanamh.

"Ma gheibh mise m-iarratus uat a rìgh," ars' MacCailean, "bheir mi dhuit air laimh e." Gheall an rìgh sud dha.

Dar a thainig an latha chaidh a chur air leth dh'fhalbh Eachainn Ruadh seachad air an aite anns an robh an rìgh agus MacCailean a gabhail seideag do ghaoth na maduinn. Rinn e ball dìreach orra, agus chaidh e air a ghlun air beulabh 'n rìgh. Rug an rìgh air a laimh gu thogail. Theannaich Eachainn lamh an rìgh; dh-eirich e agus dh'fhalbh e, agus dar a dh'fhalbh, sheall an rìgh a laimh do MhacCailean, agus an fhuil a bruchdadh a mach air barran a mheoir.

"Car son nach da chum thu e," arsa MacCailean.

"Cha robh duine 's an rioghachd a chumadh an duine ud," ars' an rìgh.

"Ma tha sud agad Eachainn Ruadh, 's feumaidh mise m'iarratus fhaigh-inn a nis," arsa MacCailean.

"Gheibh thu sin, choisinn thu i, ciod i?" ars' an righ.

"Gum faigh Eachainn Ruadh a shlith," arsa MacCailean; 's fhuair Eachainn Ruadh a shlith.

Ghabh an righ a leithid da thlachd a neart 'us tapachd Eachainn Ruaidh, 's gun robh e ro dheonach gum biodh e na fhear dheth a bhuidh-inn dion fhein, ach ghabh Eachainn leisgeul, a nise dar a fhuair e shlith, gun robh moran aige ri chur an ordugh aig a bhaile; ach gheall e bhi dol an drasda sa rithisd, a mach, a Dhun-eidin, a choimhead air an righ.

Bhiodh Eachainn Ruadh mar a gheall e a dol a mach a choimhead air an righ. Bha piuthar da dh' Eachainn Ruadh—nighean tighearna Bhrathainn—posd' aig Iain Dubh MacRuairaidh, an Leodach a bh ann an Gairloch a comhnuidh anns an t-seana chaisteal a bha anns an Dun aig ceann a deas na Gaineamhiche Moire. Bha atharrachadh air choir-eigin ri dheanamh air coraichean na h-oighreachd. Uair dheth na h-uairean, dar a bha Eachainn Ruadh a dol a Dhun-eiden a choimhead air an righ, thug Iain Dubh dha na coraichean gu 'm faighinn air an atharrachadh, 's rinn Eachainn Ruadh rud-eigin cosgais ris na coraichean.

'S i nighean an t-Siosalaich bu bhean dligheach da dh-Eachainn, agus bha mac aige rithe dha'm b'ainm Iain. Chaidh a thogail ann an Strath-glais, ann an tigh an t-Siosalaich, agus air an aobhar sin ghoirte Iain Glasach dheth. Chaochail e ann an Caisteal Eilean-Donnain, ann an Ceanntaile, agus chur na Tailich a chorp gu muinntir Strath-glais, agus dh-adhlaid iade' e ann an Eaglais mhor na Manachain. Dh-fhag e aon mhac dha 'm b'ainm Iain, ris an canadh iad, anns an duthaich, Iain Ruadh Mac Iain Ghlasaich. Chaidh an gille og so a thogail aig Domhnallach, a bha na pheathair, ann an Glais-leitir Ceanntaile, ris an abradh iad, Iain Liath. Agus tha e air a radh, gun da phos mathair Iain Ruaidh (bann-trach Iain Ghlasaich) tighearna Mhic-aoidh.

Dh-fhas Iain Ruadh na ghille mor, tapaidh, agus dar a thainig e gu aois cuid fir, thug e duthaich Mhic-aoidh air, a choimhead air a mhathair. Air ruighinn tigh Mhic-aoidh dha, cha da leig e ris co e, 's cha mho leig a mhathair. Bha e mar chleachdadh a nuair sin nach foinnichte ri coigrich 's am bith a thogradh fuireach an tigh duin' uasail, co iad, no co as a thainig iad, ach am biodh iad latha 's bliadhna 'stigh. Bha da chu ro-ainnidh, aig Macaoidh—fear dhiubh air an robh "Cu-dubh," agus air an fhear eile "Faolag" mar ainm. Agus bhiodh Iain Ruadh an comhnuidh a falbh leo anns a mhonadh 's a sealg. Bhiodh e toir a bhèdh, a bhiodh e toir na mhonadh air a shon fein, dha na coin. Dh-fhas, mar so, na coin cho measail air, 's nach leanadh iad duine ach e fhein. 'S ann anns cheann shìos—ceann nan seirbhisich—dheth an tigh a bha e cadal agus a gabhail a bhèdh.

Bha bhliadhna 'tarruing gu ceann, agus latha dheth na lathaichean, thubhairt Mac-aoidh ri mhnaoi, gun robh e cuir umhail gur e mac duin' uasail a bh' ann, agus air dha so a chantuinn rithe, shil a suilean gu frasach. Thug Mac-aoidh an aire dhi. "An ann mar so a tha," ars e, 's e toir achmhasan caoin di, "cha bhiodh e cuide ri ma chuidsa seirbhisich, nam biodh fhios agam, mar a bh' agadsa, gu'm be sud aon mhac Iain Ghlasaich." Dh-orduich e 'n sin gu bhord fhein e, 's bha e cuide iu fhein fhad sa bha e 's an tigh, ach ma dheireadh arsa Mac-aoidh,

"Gu de tha thu 'g iarraidh mise dheanamh air da shon." "Oh, cha 'n eil," ars' Iain Ruadh, "ach an da-dhuine-dheag a thaghas mi fein, a measg do dhaoine, thoir dhomh, agus 'Cu-dubh 'us Faolag."

Fhuair e sud, agus cha be na clibairean iad, agus air Iain Liath 'sa Ghlais-leitir gun d-rinn e. Thug iad leo angar uisge-bheatha agus rainig iad a Ghlais-leitir. Bha Iain Liath air an airidh, agus cha leigeadh Iain Ruadh na fir a bha cuide ris, am fradharc a bhothain aig Iain Liath. Dh-fhalbh e leis fhein, chunnaic e cliabh a muigh aig doras a bhothain, agus shuidh e air. Bha cailleach Iain Lèith an deighe eiridh, agus bha i a sniomh air a chuigeil. Bheireadh i suil, agus suil, air an fhear a bha muigh. Ma dheireadh leig i 'n eighe ri Iain Liath, 's e na luidhe, "A dhuine, tha fear a muigh ud, aig doras a bhothain, na shuidhe air a chliabh, cha 'n fhaca mi dà ghlun riamh, as coslaiche ri dà ghlun Iain Ruadh againn, na 'ghluinean." Dar a chuala Iain Liath sud, dh'eirich e as a leine, agus chon an doruis a char e. "An tu tha sud Iainidh," ars ead. "Oh, 's mi dhuine," "Am bheil agad ach thu fhein," "Oh tha, tha da-dhuine-dhiag agam." "Bi falbh 's thoir leat iad." Mu'n d-thainig e bha 'n dara tarbh marbh aig Iain Liath air an cinn. Dar a ghabh iad am biadh, thubhairt Iain Liath ris, "tha MacCoinnich a tigh'n'n an diugh gu Toma-sailge d'athair le aoghailt, mar a cum tha fhein dheth e."

Dh-fhalbh Iain Ruadh 'sa dha-dhuine-dheug, agus Iain Liath nan cois, 's thug iad leotha 'n t-uisge-beatha. Thainig MacCoinnich le dhaoine, agus chunnaic e na daoine ud air an toma-sheilge, 's chuir e gille 'bhàn a dh'fhoinneachd, "Gu de na daoine bha iad ann?" "Dean suidhe 'us inneidh sinn sin duit," ars Iain Ruadh. Rinn e suidhe mar a dh-iarraidh air, agus neor-thaing mar a robh aghaidh na dibhe air, 'sa h-uile h-uair a bheireadh e air gu falbh thairgte t-eile dha. Bha MacCoinnich a gabhail fadachd nach robh an gille tigh'n'n air ais, agus chuir e gille eile air aghart. Thachair dha-sa mar thachair dha 'n fhear eile. Dar a chunnaic MacCoinnich mar bha dol, thubhairt e. "Tham f'aithneachdainn gun d'thainig Iain Ruadh, ma thainig faodaidh mise bli dol dachaidh." 'S thug e Brathainn air.

Thill an sin Iain Ruadh 'sa bhuidhinn gu bothan Iain Lèith. "Gu de nise ni thu Iain?" ars Iain Liath, "Gu de tha sibh fhein ag radh ni mi?" "Innsidh mise sin duit," ars Iain Liath, "tha coraichean Ghearrloch agam-sa ann an ciste do sheanair—Eachainn Ruadh—agus falbhaidh tu fhein 's do chuid daoine, a thagar na h-oighreachd, agus falbhaidh mise comhladh riut." Agus dh-fhalbh iad, Thog Iain Liath a chuid spreidhe, a bhean, 'sa bhean-mhuinntir, 's am buachaille, 's bha iad a tighinn ach an d'thainig iad a steach aig Bealach-a-chomhla, aig taobh Baothais Bheinn.

Greis an deigh dhoibh a thighinn a bhàn fuidh'n a bheinn, thachair iad air fuaran math; Leig iad an iomraich aig an fhuaran, agus tha "fuaran Iain Lèith" air gus an latha 'n diugh. Dh-fhag iad a spreidh 's a chailleach an sud, 's thainig iad air an aghart, 's thachair feadhainn riu o'n da ghabh iad naigheachd na duthcha. Dh-innis an fheadhainn sin doibh, gun robh e mar chleachdadh aig Iain Dubh MacRuairidh (tighearna Ghearrloch), gach latha, a dhol sìos a Ghaineamhach Mhor, agus luidhe air mullach

a Chraisg, a ghabhail beachd air an duthaich, agus a dh'fhiachainn gu de chitheadh e.

Thainig na fir chon an robh e ann an sud, agus labhair Iain Liath ris, "Mar a bi thu air falbh agus mar toir thu da chasan leat a caisteal an Dhin, mas tig an oidhche nochd, caillidh tu 'n ceann. Ghabh Iain Dubh MacRuairidh eagal a bheatha, 's char a h-uile ni a bha anns a chaisteal, a b'fhiach an t-saothair, a chuir anns a bhirilinn, ach aon chiste a dh-fhagadh, le cion amaisgidh, anns an robh coraichean mhic Leoid air an oighreachd. Mar so thainig Iain Ruadh 'us Clann-a-choinnich a Ghearrloch.

'S minic a thainig na Leodaich air an ais o'n uair sin a dh'fhiachainn ris an oighreachd a thoir air a h-ais, agus toireachd a thoir a mach; ach mar is trice thainig 's ann bu mhiosa dh'fhalbh.

(Ri leantainn.)

"THE GAEL."—This Gaelic periodical, which is now in its fifth year, has, last month, changed hands, and is now the property of Messrs Mac-lachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. In a valedictory address to the reader, in the last issued—the July—number, the late editor and proprietor, Angus Nicholson, explains the causes of the irregularity in the appearances of the *Gael* during the last twelve months. We have no doubt that, under the new management and well proved enterprise, in the Celtic field, of its present proprietors, the *Gael* will receive new vigour, and will soon make up for his irregularity in the past. Let us have it brought up to date as early as possible, and we have no hesitation in predicting it a success beyond anything it has yet attained. [Since the above was written the August number has appeared—within a fortnight of its predecessor.]

"THE GLASGOW HIGHLANDER."—On Saturday the 11th November, a new paper has been issued in Glasgow, called the *Glasgow Highlander*. It consists of twelve pages, and is intended as the organ to represent the views of the large body of Highlanders congregated in the City of Glasgow. The promoters admit that there are other provincial papers here and there throughout the Highlands devoted to Highland interests; but they allege that these are necessarily too much taken up with local matters and questions of little general interest. The proprietors of the *Glasgow Highlander*, therefore, have started it as a less local and less provincial journal, with the view to meet the cosmopolitan wants of Highlanders at home and abroad. There is, no doubt, room for a well conducted paper of the kind in Glasgow. We would, however, caution the editor against making a paper, which is intended to meet the wants of *all* classes of his countrymen, a stalking horse for airing his own peculiar crochets and opinions. If he wants to influence and "educate" the Highlanders, he must conduct his paper in such a way as to secure and maintain a circulation in the Highlands. He must lead, not scold, those who possess influence amongst us. We wish the *Glasgow Highlander* every success, and extend him the right hand of fellowship. *Buaidh agus piseach leis.*

A RESOLUTION was adopted by the Council of Trinity College, Dublin, setting forth the expediency, when funds can be provided, of establishing in the University a Chair of Celtic Literature and Languages. We trust that this matter will attract some public attention. It will be a matter of pain to every patriotic Irishman (says the *Freeman's Journal*) if, while the efforts of Professor Blackie give Scotland her Celtic Chair, "Old Trinity" will remain without a professor of the language and the letters of the Erse.

SEUMAS AN TUIM.

Seumas an Tuim, alias James Grant of Carron in Strathspey, is one of those Highland notabilities who have made themselves famous for deeds of lawlessness and rapine. *Seumas* is the subject of the well-known song:—

*A mhànathan a ghlinne,
A mhànathan a ghlinne,
A mhànathan a ghlinne,
Nach mithich dhuibh eiridh,
'Seumas an Tuim 'ag iomain na spréidhe,*

Ye women of the glen,
Ye women of the glen,
Ye women of the glen,
Is it not time for you to rise, [cattle.
And James-an-Tuim driving away your

The melody of this song is a beautiful one, and has been adapted to the great Highland bagpipe in the shape of a well-known pibroch—"The Breadalbane Gathering," or "*Bodaich na'm briogais*," and associated with a victory, which John Glas, first Earl of Breadalbane, gained over the Sinclairs of Caithness, at *Allt nam-nearlach*. This was towards the close of the seventeenth century. But the air, as we said, belongs to an earlier period. *Seumas-an-Tuim* flourished in the beginning of that century.

The wild career of this man seems to have originated in accident. Unintentionally he slew his cousin, one of the Ballindalloch family. The consequence was a fierce feud between the Grants of Ballindalloch and the Grants of Carron, and James finding his enemies implacable became lawless and desperate. In retaliation for his deeds of spoliation, Ballindalloch hearing that John Grant of Carron, James' brother, with a party of his men, was cutting timber in the forest of Abernethy, set upon them and slew the laird of Carron, on the presumption that he aided the outlaw. The Earl of Murray, then Lord-Lieutenant of the county, interposing to protect Ballindalloch, *Seumas-an-Tuim* vowed that he would avenge himself by his own hand. On the 3d of December 1630, he came with a number of followers to Pitchas, the residence of Ballindalloch, burned his corn yard, his barns, byres, and stables, with the cattle, horses, and sheep, driving away such as escaped the flames. Then he went with his men to Tulchin, the residence of old Ballindalloch, where he did in like manner, driving away as many of his cattle and horses as escaped the conflagration. Notwithstanding all this he succeeded in eluding every attempt on the part of the Earl of Murray to capture him; who having failed in every effort to do so by force, had recourse to stratagem. Acting in accordance with the proverb of "setting a thief to catch a thief," he employed three "broken men," with whom he made a compact, offering handsome rewards should they succeed in bringing *Seumas-an-Tuim* into his hands dead or alive. The principal man of the three—a curious comment on the social condition of those times—was a brother of the Chief of the Clan Mackintosh. For a time they were unable to effect their purpose either by force or by stealth; such was the prowess, as well as the vigilance of Grant and his men. At length they managed to surprise him in a house at Achnakill in Strathaven, where he happened to be,

along with a party of ten men. Not expecting danger, and unprepared for resistance, James and his men betook themselves to flight. Mackintosh pursued him, slew four of his followers, and wounded James himself with arrows, inflicting eleven wounds. He was captured along with six of his men. The men were hanged. And as soon as his own wounds were cured he was conducted under safe guard to the Castle of Edinburgh; being, says Spalding in his quaint style, "admired and looked upon as a man of great vassalage."

Here James remained a prisoner for a period of two years. It is related that an old neighbour of his, Grant of Tomavoulin, happened to pass one day under his prison window. James saw him, and asked, "What news from Speyside?" "None very particular," was the answer; "the best news I have is, that the country is rid of you." "Perhaps," said James, "we shall meet again." During his imprisonment he was permitted to see friends occasionally, who supplied him with something better than ordinary prison fare; and in a small cask, covered over with butter, his wife succeeded, on one of these occasions, in furnishing him with cord sufficient to enable him to effect his escape through his prison window. This was in October 1632. His son waited for him, and accompanied him in his flight; but for which he would have died by the way. In consequence of his confinement and other hardships he lay for nine days in a wood near Denny, and there made his way to his old haunts, where he lay concealed and inactive for a year. Meantime the Privy Council was greatly exasperated at his escape, and offered large rewards for his apprehension.

But the restless and daring man could not be idle; and now that his health was recovered, and the vigilance of his enemies allayed, he again betook himself to his old schemes of revenge and depredation—"partly travelling through the country, sometimes on Speyside, sometimes here, sometimes there, without fear or dread," but always having a sharp eye upon his old enemy Ballindalloch. Ballindalloch in self-defence, was obliged once more to attempt to set bounds to the attacks of James; and accordingly he hired a band of the outlawed MacGregors to do his job for him. These men were under the leadership of Patrick *Dubh Gearr*, a man little less famous for his exploits than *Seumas-an-Tuim* himself. James being at Carron one night with his son and an only servant, the MacGregors surrounded the house, while some of the party ascended the roof to uncover it and so get at their victim. Grant hearing the noise, and finding himself beset by his enemies, resolved to defend the door, aided by his son and servant; and meantime, made such good use of his arrows through the windows that the MacGregors were kept at bay. Patrick *Gearr*, bolder than his followers, and venturing forward to force the door, Grant took aim at him with his gun and shot him through both legs, and in the confusion which followed the fall of their leader, James escaped through the roof and was once more beyond the reach of his pursuers. *Gearr*, it appears, died of his wounds, and Grant was lauded as a public benefactor. "Patrick *Gearr* was a notable thief, robber, and briganer, oppressing the people wherever he came," and therefore they rejoiced at his death,

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Seumas-an-Tuim now resolved to fight Ballindalloch single handed with his own weapons. Accordingly, while the latter was sitting quietly and unsuspectingly in his own house, on a dark December night, a messenger came to the door and told his servant that a well-known friend was waiting outside to speak to him. Ballindalloch at once responded and sallied forth to meet his friend(?). But no sooner was he outside than he was suddenly smothered in plaids by a party of unknown men—*Seumas-an-Tuim* and his followers—and hurried away in this helpless condition, over moss and moor, he knew not whither. They carried him in this miserable plight, all the way to the neighbourhood of Elgin, where they confined him in an old kiln, for three weeks, almost in a state of starvation. Eventually, and with great difficulty, Ballindalloch made his escape by the aid of one of his guards, whom he bribed to effect his release. Meantime, the MacGregors desolated the country with fire and sword in revenge for the death of their redoubtable leader Patrick *Gearr*. It was at this time that the famous outlaw Gilderoy, the well-known hero of tradition and song, came to the front. He succeeded to the leadership which became vacant by the death of Patrick.

The man who taunted *Seumas-an-Tuim* when imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, was one Thomas Grant, a Speyside man. Nothing daunted by previous failures to capture James, he volunteered at the request of Ballindalloch to bring him dead or alive into his hands. This came to the ear of James. He went to Grant's house at once, and not finding him he gratified his revenge by killing sixteen of his cattle. Finding him shortly thereafter at the house of a friend, and in bed, he dragged him naked out of the house and despatched him with many wounds, and so fulfilled his own prison vaticinations—"Perhaps we shall meet again."

Notwithstanding the wild and lawless career of this man, living as he did in open defiance of law and order, and in the commission of all kind of atrocities, he managed somehow to elude every effort made to bring him to justice. He even succeeded in obtaining a public remission of his crimes, and survived to take an active part in the troubles in which the country was involved during the Commonwealth. James, we suppose more from policy than principle, attached himself to the winning side, and had his services rewarded by receiving immunity for all his misdeeds.

What a contrast those times are to the times in which we live! It seems hardly credible that such lawless and atrocious deeds could be performed in the face of day, within so comparatively recent a period and amid scenes where peace and prosperity now reign paramount. Yet so it is; and with blood upon his hands, enough to have hanged scores of other men, *Seumas-an-Tuim* lived to a green old age, and died peaceably and quietly in his bed—the theme of story and of song.

ALBANNACH.

We have received "The Songs of the Highlands," set to Music, with Gaelic and English letterpress, from the Gaelic Society of London.

JOHN MACKAY.

DONALD MACKAY of Farr, a firm ally of, and related to, the Gordons, Earls of Sutherland, was through them brought under the notice of, and knighted by, James the Sixth in 1616. Afterwards, having raised by license of the King a regiment of 3000 men, who left Cromarty in 1624, to assist Count Mansfield in his campaign in Germany, he was created a baronet.

Next year he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Reay, when, with a number of other gentlemen from Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, he served under Gustavus Adolphus in his campaigns for Protestantism. Lord Reay afterwards showed his attachment to royalty by taking up arms in defence of Charles I., for whose cause he brought from Denmark arms, ships, and a large sum of money.

Taken prisoner at Newcastle, he was confined in Edinburgh until after the battle of Kilsyth, when he was released, and shortly after he embarked from Thurso for Denmark, where he died.

He was succeeded by his second son, John, who was married to a daughter of Scourie, said to have been a woman of great beauty, and of singularly fascinating manners. Brought up in the principles and opinions of his Royalist father, it was little to be wondered at that Lord Reay joined Glencairn in his rising for the King in 1654. When the Earl of Middleton took the command at Dornoch of the Royalist troops, by virtue of a commission from Charles II., thus superseding Glencairn, Lord Reay continued to serve under the new General till he was taken prisoner at Balveny, and conveyed to Edinburgh Tolbooth, where he remained during a lengthened period of the troubles of the Commonwealth, but at length effected his escape in the following manner.

One autumn afternoon might be seen emerging from the gloomy doors of the Heart of Mid-Lothian—as the Tolbooth of Edinburgh was designated—two very remarkable forms. A lady, young and of wondrous beauty, her hair of that shade of which the poets of our land have so loved to sing—"a gowden yellow"—as seen by a few stray ringlets from beneath the plaid drawn over her head; her eyes, brilliantly blue, flashed in their glances of anxiety; her figure, straight and lithe as the lily stalk, as she walked seemed to exhibit the very poetry of motion. Her attendant, a man of gigantic size, and stout in proportion, of fierce aspect, save when his glance fell upon his mistress, bore the Lochaber-axe, dirk, and sgian dubh—his arms, which he had just received back from the sentries or guards as he stepped into the street, and which he had left outside in order that he might be admitted to the prison. The contrast between the two was most marked, as was also the conversation. The lady was the wife of the Lord John Reay, a prisoner in the jail from which they had just stepped forth. The man was their trusty henchman, John Mackay, the favourite of his noble master and mistress, as much for his courage

as for his fidelity and gentleness, and their pride as a clansman for his enormous size and strength.

If Lady Reay was anxious, John was equally so—his eyes seemed to follow every glance of hers, like an attached hound seeking to anticipate the owner's wish.

Looking round to John, who followed a few steps behind while she seemed to hesitate in her progress, she said, as if half communing with herself, "I will go, and God be with me." "Surely, my lady, but where to?" "I will see Cromwell—will entreat him—he may listen to me." "Surely, my lady, and what for no?"

And away went Lady Reay to endeavour to obtain an interview with Oliver Cromwell, then in Edinburgh at the head of the Parliamentary troops.

Access to Cromwell was a difficult matter, but Lady Reay was fortunate in obtaining an introduction through an intimate friend. As she was presented, Cromwell, in his usual abrupt manner, was in the act of turning away, when her ladyship fell on her knees at his feet, and, catching the skirts of his coat, poured forth in heart-breaking, agonised supplications her entreaties for her husband's release. Struck by her deportment, her beauty, and her language, he listened, and finally, overcome by her supplication, said he would willingly do all in his power to serve her, and restore her husband to her; but as Lord Reay was a State prisoner, the Committee of Estates could alone discharge him from custody.

On hearing his decision, she became so affected that Cromwell at last declared to her that if she could by any means get her husband out of ward, he would grant him a protection to prevent his further molestation. This protection he wrote and handed to her ladyship, who retired with heightened hopes, springing she knew not well from what.

When she left the lodgings of Cromwell, she glanced hastily round for her henchman, who in an instant was by her side. "Aweel, my lady," said John, "what will the bodach do?" "He will do nothing, John; but he has given me this pass, which would be all that would be required if we only could get his lordship outside the prison walls, and that, I fear, is impossible."

"Prut, my lady, ilka thing is possible."

"But how will it be done, John?"

"Ach, its easy durkin' the turnkey body inside, and the twa sentries at the door."

"Ah, John, John, we must have no blood, and still less murder, whatever happen; besides, you yourself would suffer death."

"Aweel, that's little for Mackay's sake."

"Promise me, John, that not a hair of these men's heads shall be hurt, whatever we attempt; remember they are only doing their duty. Promise me." And John-promised.

Lady Reay and her servant had free access to his lordship at all times.

Outside of the prison door was a wicket, guarded within by a turnkey, who generally lolled against it, or rested himself upon a form beside.

Outside of the main door were two sentries placed as guards, who either crossed each other in their steady walk, or stood at ease, one on each side of the doorway. As Lady Reay was a favourite with the turnkey, on account of the politeness which she daily showed him, he did not think it necessary to lock his lordship's cell during the time of her ladyship's visit, and at last got into the habit of allowing his lordship to accompany Lady Reay till she passed through the wicket, on her leaving for the night.

On the day following her visit to Cromwell, Lord Reay, as usual, accompanied her ladyship, and while she was stepping beyond the wicket, suddenly laid hold of the turnkey, and, laying him down in the passage, placed the form above him, seized his keys, and passing through the wicket locked him in. The lady having affected her part so far, of which John was perfectly aware by sound, though he could not turn round to see, he at once seized the sentries, one in each hand, and laying one down placed the other above him, kicking their arms to a distance, while Lord Reay sprang over them and rushed down the street. Addressing the soldiers, who had ceased to struggle in the grip of their powerful opponent, he said—"Now, lads, you will just be good and be quiet, or if you be no be quiet, I will just have to shake your pickle brains out of their pans, and so you'll see what you shall see; but if you are good, I'll give myself quietly up to be put into the jail instead of his lordship."

John accordingly surrendered himself, and, loaded with irons, was lodged in the Tolbooth.

In due time he was brought to trial for aiding the escape of a State prisoner, and Cromwell was present as President. Said he—"There is no doubt that the servant has duly forfeited his life, but his conduct and fidelity, which went to release his master, and perhaps has saved his life, were of so high a character, and so heroic, that if this man were put to death for qualities so valuable and so commendable, and particularly seeing that nothing hurtful resulted to the State from his doings, it would discourage every faithful servant from doing his duty. I therefore propose that, for the sake of justice, John Mackay, the prisoner of the Bar, shall be condemned to death; but that, under the circumstances of the case, the punishment shall be remitted, and Mackay shall leave the Bar a free man."

During the time that John Mackay was digesting the speech of Cromwell, the latter was taking a steady look of the former, when he exclaimed to those around him, while he remarked Mackay's fierce aspect and athletic form—"May I ever be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp." On the other hand, John's remark on Cromwell, whom he had as carefully noticed, was—"The deil's no sae doure as he's ca'ed."

TORQUIL.

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LITERATURE.

THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS ;

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.*
Edinburgh : Edmonston and Douglas.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

THIS work, the production of which, by one who had so many opportunities of judging the Highlands and their literature correctly, and which may be noted as a new point of departure in the "History of the Scottish Celt," is, the writer informs us, an attempt to break down the wall of partition which he found fencing off the most cultivated minds in England, and in the Lowlands of Scotland, from the intellectual life and moral aspirations of the Scottish Highlanders. From a residence of some years in the Highlands, and from a habit of feeling the pulse of various persons and classes in reference to Celtic matters, he became deeply convinced that an effort should be made to remedy "a state of things so disgraceful to our character as an educated people."

The work is divided into five parts, under the following headings:—Language—Pre-Christian and Mediæval—From the Reformation to Macpherson—Macpherson and the Ossianic Question—and finally, Gaelic Literature in its most recent phases, Poetry and Prose. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to do justice to this magnificent work—a work which has placed the Highlander, in this and all future generations, under a deep debt of gratitude to their redoubted champion. We know even Highlanders whose opinion of the Professor is not of the most favourable description. They call him crotchety and foolish in trying to resuscitate a dying language and call forth sympathy for a people whose peculiarities and once prominent virtues, they assert, have become almost things of the past. We have heard it even stated that our good friend "had a bee in his bonnet." These charges are probably made in good faith by the boorish average of society, who are incapable of seeing beyond their noses. The history of the literature of our country is full of instances of the same kind of mistaken judgment. We find generally if a man is possessed of a special genius, and in reality stands head and shoulders above his fellows, that he is supposed to want a few pence of the shilling, that he is slightly cracked, and, that if his so-called eccentricities are tolerated by the great stars of common-place society, it is done out of pity, and sometimes with a kind of patronising air, because, apart from these crazy outbursts of his, they consider him, on the whole, not a bad sort of fellow.

We are not aware that Shakspeare himself was considered the highest embodiment of genius the world has ever yet produced in his own time. No doubt he was, like our author, considered a capital stage or platform exhibition by the great mass, but nothing more. Milton made over to his publishers the right of bringing out three successive editions of the great epic, "Paradise Lost," for £15 in hand, and a further payment of £5 on the sale of thirteen hundred copies of each edition. This master-

piece was so little appreciated in his day that he only received, during his life, the sum of £10 under this agreement; and, after his death, his wife sold her entire right over the work for the sum of eight pounds sterling. The first edition of the poems of Robert Burns realised a profit of only twenty pounds, while one copy of the same edition sold recently, in a London saleroom, for forty-nine guineas. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was considered in his time a "dangerous person," and his discovery was rejected by the whole scientific world with "a singular unanimity." The discovery and application of chloroform was howled against from many a pulpit throughout the country as a direct interference with the decrees of the all-wise Creator of the Universe. Thomas Carlyle could not get a publisher to bring out his "Sartor Resartus;" Disraeli could not get a hearing when he first essayed to address the House of Commons; Burke, Bright, and Cobden were considered the wildest demagogues. We all know the treatment Galileo received from the great lights of his day. But the cycles of time have done their work, and the popular opinion regarding these great men has been mellowed down into a proper appreciation of their superiority over their contemporary detractors. We have no hesitation in placing the author of the work before us among those whose names will be more illustrious in the future than in the present, and predicting that he will secure the place in the niche of future fame which his splendid abilities and original genius deserve; the depreciatory remarks which we hear occasionally made concerning him, as crotchety, eccentric, and crack-brained, only strengthen our opinion that the Professor is at least a generation in advance of the time in which we live, and head and shoulders, in Celtic matters at least, and in broad human sympathy, above his fellows, and consequently they can neither understand him nor appreciate his great gifts.

The author informs us that that very clever John Bull, notwithstanding his cleverness and practicability, has committed some great blunders, which have not even a flash of brilliancy to redeem their stupidity—among which stand out prominently, "Ireland, the Education of the People, and the Scottish Highlands." He describes how mistaken ideas of political economy led, first, to the existence of a rank population which no one cared to weed, and afterwards to the other extreme of driving the people out of the country, "to stock it largely with sheep or deer, to reap large rentals . . . with an absolute immunity from poor-rates and poachers." This was often done to humour a heartless factor, and "partly from the servility of the local press, writing too often in the interest of lairds and lawyers—partly from the pernicious influence of the selfish maxim that a man may do what he likes with his own." Public opinion did nothing to preserve the Highlanders, but rather encouraged the idea that the sooner the country was disembowelled of all human habitation, and left in the undisturbed possession of sea-gulls, stags, and salmon, so much the better. While these views were allowed full play, "the real blood of the people was being drained away; halls once resonant with rich social merriment, and reverberant with the traditions of a chivalrous and high-souled manhood, were dumb as death, or replaced by more pretentious edifices, which were Celtic in nothing but the ground on which they stood; the language and the music which even till now

had stirred the stoutest hearts, and raised the most effective war-cry in our great British battlefields, was treated everywhere with contempt, and deemed worthy of culture by only the more discerning few of those who naturally spoke it; everything was looked upon as destined to a hasty extinction, most worthily treated when either kicked violently out of the world, or painted over with such a thick coat of Saxon whitewash that its distinctive features could no longer be recognised."

We are then told how the exertions of such men as Skene, Clerk, Cameron, Robertson, and others in Scotland, and Stokes, Reeves, O'Curry, and O'Sullivan, in Ireland, led the Saxon into a broader historical sympathy with the Celt, and affected, in some appreciable degree, the southron's views of the long-neglected languages and literatures of the Celtic people in these islands; how the Professor himself was led to the study of the despised language; how easily any one of ordinary ability and perseverance can acquire it—"The road was plain. It will be found generally that it is weakness of will, and not lack of capacity, that is the great bar to intellectual progress among those who have any wish to know."

"The objections which are generally urged to the study of the Gaelic language are of that description which it is always easy for ignorance to invent, but which are so utterly false and flimsy that they seem scarce worthy of answer to a person who knows anything. A large number, indeed, of current fallacies sported on all public questions might be conveniently ticketed under the category—apologies for doing nothing. It is so comfortable to sit on your easy chair after dinner, with a bottle of orthodox old port before you, and your pipe in your mouth, and to think that every man is "a d—d fool" who wishes you to do anything beyond the customary routine of your shop, or your church, or your paternal estate. It may be useful, however, occasionally to press logic into the service against this tremendous power of inertness, if not with the hope to move it, at least with the satisfaction of making certain very clever people look stupid for a moment. Well, in the first place we are asked, Why maintain an uncouth language, which keeps people in barbarism, and builds up an impenetrable wall of partition between the Celt and the rest of the civilised world? To which I have several answers: *first*, the language is not barbarous, but a very fine and polished dialect, rather too polished, somewhat like French, and specially adapted for music, as we shall prove by and by; *secondly*, it is not so much the possession of their own native language, their own traditions, and their own sentiments, that separates the Gael from the rest of the world, but the remoteness of his geographical position, and the remissness of the British Government in not having long ago organised an efficient school system in those remote regions, of which the teaching of English should have formed an integral part. And as for the mother tongue, in the parallel case of Lowland boys we know that it is not the knowledge of English at school that prevents a boy from learning Latin, but it is either the bad method of his master, who does not know how to teach him, or it is the indifference of the boy, who does not care to learn. But this latter element, however active in a classical school, certainly does not show itself in the Highlands. Rather the contrary. Every poor Highlander is, above all things, eager to learn English; and if he does not see his aspirations always crowned with success, it is the fault of his superiors, who do not send schoolmasters into the glens, properly equipped with the two-edged sword of the "Beurla" and the native Gaelic, as every Highland teacher ought unquestionably to be. The idea that a knowledge of the mother tongue, under such circumstances, acts as a hindrance to the

acquisition of English is entirely unfounded. The mother tongue is there, and instead of building up a wall against the Saxon, which the young Gael cannot overleap, it is just the natural stepping-stone which you must use to bring the sturdy mountaineer into the domain of your more smooth civilisation. The policy of stamping out the characteristics of a noble race by carrying on a war against the language, is essentially barbarous; it can be excused only, if excusable at all, by the existence of such a political misalliance as that between Russia and Poland; and, in fact, I fear there is to be found, in this quarter of the world, a certain not altogether inconsiderable section or party who hold, if not in theory, yet practically, by this Russian principle. The sooner—I have heard them say as much—the Saxon—who is God's peculiar elect vessel, can swallow up the Celt, so that there shall be no more Irishmen in Ireland, and no more Highlandmen in the Highlands, so much the better. This is a doctrine altogether in harmony with the teaching of a distinguished master of physical science, which, transferred to the moral world, simply means that the stronger are always right when they leap upon the back of the weaker, and use them for their own purposes; but it is a doctrine directly in the teeth of all gospel, and which allows a man to play the wolf or the fox whenever he can against his brethren, and baptise himself, with all cheapness, a hero for the achievement. Are the men who advocate such inhuman measures not sometimes touched with shame when they find themselves identified with the old Roman robbers, who civilised the world with the sword of rude invasion, and of the march of whose legions it was justly said by their own wise historian—*Ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem adpellant*? St Paul, of course, inculcates the exact contrary doctrine; for he tells us to 'condescend to men of low estate,' and to 'weep with them that weep,' and to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice.' How any Highland proprietor can reconcile his belief in these texts with the principle of forcibly stamping out the Gaelic language, I cannot comprehend. But I will put down here what the noble son of a good Gaelic laird has printed with regard to the position of landed proprietors in this matter. 'I find,' says John Campbell of Islay, 'that lectures are delivered to Sunday-school children to prove that Gaelic is part of the Divine curse, and Highland proprietors tell me that it is 'a bar to the advancement of the people.' But if there is any truth in this assertion, it is equally true, on the other hand, that English is a bar to the advancement of proprietors if they cannot speak to those who pay their rents; and it is the want of English, not the possession of Gaelic, which retards the advancement of those who seek employment where English is spoken. So Highland proprietors should learn Gaelic and teach English.' This is sense and justice. The Gaelic people, while they do not forget their Gaelic, should study English; and the Highland proprietors, retaining their English, should study Gaelic."

So much for the wall of partition. But it will be asked by the ignorant, what is the use of studying a language which has no literature? Our author answers, first, "that the language has a literature, and a very valuable one; and, secondly, that we are not arguing with foreigners who may have to go out of their way to learn a language, but those who, having a native language at their fireside, go out of the way to neglect, to disown, and to forget it." And as to the literature he proves, further on in his work, most conclusively what he here asserts as to its extent and its value. "Let Zeuss, and Apel, and Ebrard, and Windisch, and all other learned Germans who study Gaelic, be called fools, if you like; but why should we, living in the midst of a Gaelic-speaking people; not pick up the beautiful wild flowers of popular utterance that gems the

glens with beauty as they pass. And then what do we mean by literature? Is the mere printed book the valuable thing? or is it not rather the living heart and soul and impassioned utterance of a people wherein the true value of a literature dwells?"

In answer to those who ask why any support should be given to a language which is gradually dying out, he asks—

"Why should we act violently and contrary to nature by endeavouring to stamp out a language which, as a social fact, is obstinately alive, not only here, but in America, and not rather, so long as it is alive, treat it kindly and use it wisely? It is by no means an easy thing to root out a language twined, as every mother-tongue is, round the deepest fibres of the popular heart; but let it be that the Gaelic language is destined to die out in a hundred years at the most, is that any reason why, being there, it should not meet with a kindly recognition from wise and good Christian men? Philologists will tell you that the spoken language of the people to hearing ears often reveals more secrets of the beautiful framework of human speech than all the dead treasures of the library; and supposing the language dead, like other departed things will it not acquire a peculiar new interest by this very fact that it is no more? and shall we not then begin to blame ourselves, as foolish mortals so often must, that we made so little use of it when alive? Our wisdom certainly here, as in all other matters, is to avoid extremes. While we do not put into operation any artificial machinery for exciting a galvanic life in a language that is flickering to its natural close, we abstain, on the other hand, from refusing to nourish the mountain child with his natural food, and to check the spontaneous outflow of Celtic sentiment and Celtic song by an artificial cram of Saxon grammars and dictionaries. To teach English to all the children of the British empire is an imperial duty; to smother Gaelic where it naturally exists is a local tyranny."

Our author proceeds to show the fallacy of the idea that the Gaelic language is so difficult, so peculiar, and so remote from all the capacities of persons who use civilised speech, that it cannot be learned without an expenditure of time far beyond the value of any attainable result. "It is not the difficulty to the learner, but the ignorance, indifference, laziness, and prejudice of the teacher, that makes the reading of Gaelic so shamefully neglected in many Gaelic schools. It is an act of intellectual suicide of which an intelligent people should be ashamed."

The remaining portion of the first division of the work is taken up with an able and learned philological disquisition, and a comparison of Gaelic roots with those of the other branches of the Aryan. "As a means of producing æsthetic effect, there is much more to be said for the Gaelic; and the vulgar notions on this subject vented by ignorant Englishmen and Lowlanders will be found in most cases to be the reverse of truth. It is commonly said, for instance, that Gaelic is a harsh and barbarous and unpronounceable language. It is, on the contrary, a soft, vocalic, and mellifluous language."

Space will not permit us at present to say much more regarding this splendid tribute to the Scottish Highlander and his language, by the generous Teuton who has risen so grandly above the prejudices of his race, and who has done such ample justice to his hitherto despised Celtic fellow-countrymen. But we shall return to it again, and to the best of our ability cull some more of the honey out of its remaining four divisions.

Meanwhile we note the author's concluding remarks in part first, on the Language, and make slight reference to the remaining divisions of the book:—

"One only point with regard to the physiognomy of the language remains; but that may be despatched in a single word. It is well known that the Celts, both in the Scottish Highlands and in the fields of beautiful France, delight in a peculiar use of the nasal organ, unknown to the Teut, whether in Saxony or in the British low countries. If this be a fault, I have no wish to conceal it; if it be a beauty, it is my business to laud it. And to my ear it is a beauty; not that nasalism, as fully developed in some quarters of America, is not one of the most hideous distortions of human articulated speech; but a mere touch of a vice is sometimes a virtue, or rather certain vices are only virtues run to seed. Arsenic, as we all know from the criminal reports, in sufficient quantity is a deadly poison; but the same mineral salt, moderately administered, purifies the blood and adds a gloss to the skin. So let it be with the delicate nasal twang of the educated Highland lady. I should as soon think of removing it as of robbing the Highland birches of their peculiar fragrance or the Highland whisky of its flavour."

The second division of the work treats of the Bardic or Minstrel literature of the mediæval period, commencing at some indefinite period between heathenism and Christianity, and stretching out to the era of the Reformation. Under this heading the Book of the Dean of Lismore, edited and translated by the learned Celtic scholar, the Rev. Dr Thomas MacLachlan, receives its due meed of praise, as well as that notable collection by J. F. Campbell of Islay, "*Leabhar na Feinne*."

The third division treats of the succession, and supplies short biographies, of the Celtic Bards, more or less notable for originality, who flourished between the end of the sixteenth and the end of the eighteenth centuries, and here we are supplied with excellent translations of "*Luinneag Mhic-Leoid*," by Mairi, Nighean Alastair Ruaidh; "*The Day of Inverlochry*," by Ian Lom, the Soldier Gaelic Bard; of the famous "*Birlinn*," or Bark of Clan Ranald, by *Alastair MacMhaighstir Alastair* of Ardnarmurchan; and of "*He an Clo Dubh*," by the same author, composed on the occasion of the proscription of the Highland Dress after the Battle of Culloden; of "*Smeorach Chlann Domhnuill*"—the Mavis of Clan Macdonald, by Ian MacCodrum, so well known in connection with Macpherson and the Ossianic controversy, and who was the last specimen, of the family bard, in the Highlands. We have also a magnificent translation of the "*Skull*," by Dugald Buchanan, which throws all previous attempts in the shade; of his "*Verses to Edinburgh*," when there serving as one of the Body Guard of that city, and last, but not least, of Duncan Ban Macintyre's inimitable "*Ben Dorain*," and "*Song of the Foxes*."

Part fourth deals entirely with Macpherson's Ossian, and a great deal of the important evidence given in the Highland Society's Report is very wisely and opportunely reproduced; but we must defer further reference to this subject, and our author's opinion on the whole subject, for a future notice.

The fifth and final chapter deals with the condition of the Celtic Literature in the Highlands, from the subsidence of the great Ossianic

excitement produced by Macpherson down to the present time. The first specimen of the Celtic muse here given is that beautiful translation of "Mairi Laghach" which appeared originally in the first number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and with which the reader is already so well acquainted. We then have a fine rendering of that sweet and well-known song, "Gur gille mo Leannan nan Eal' air an t' Snamh,"—My Rose she is fairer than the Swan when she Swims, by Ewan MacLachlan; of "Fear a Bhata"—the Boatman; "Mo Chailinn Dilis Don"—"Ho, my Bonnie Boatie;" "Callum a Ghlinne"—Malcolm of the Glen; "Mac-an-Toisich," by William Ross; "An t' Eilean Muileach"—the Island of Mull, by Dugald Macphail; "Song to Ballachulish," by John Cameron; and of the "Gael to his Country and Countrymen," by John Campbell of Ledaig. We have also "Macrimmon's Lament," to the well-known air "Farewell to my Country," translated from "Leabhar nan Cnoc," a "Lament for Donald of Barbreck;" and last, though not least, we have Sheriff Nicolson's fine translation of Mary Mackellar's "Welcome to the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal young Bride," composed on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Louise. Have we not said enough to rouse everyone, in whom exists a spark of Celtic spirit, to procure the work before us, and out of it inhale the fresh and invigorating Celtic flame which is destined to strengthen our manhood, and lead us to perform deeds, in the only field now within our reach, worthy of those performed by our sires in the great and noble efforts of the past.

ELEMENTS OF GAELIC GRAMMAR; *By the Rev. ALEXANDER STEWART: Third Edition, Revised, with Preface by the Rev. Dr MacLachlan.* Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Stewart. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

THIS well-known Grammar has been for several years out of print, much to the regret of Celtic scholars and students of the mountain tongue. It has long been admitted the best Gaelic Grammar extant, and to the student who has made any progress in the study of the Gaelic language, and who desires to master it thoroughly, the work is indispensably necessary. Dr Stewart's Grammar bears on every page the marks of real and profound scholarship. For simplicity, conciseness, and philosophical accuracy, it stands alone among grammars of the Gaelic language. Modern philological research has placed valuable materials at the disposal of modern grammarians which were unknown to the author of this work. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the original intention of the publishers, to remedy the acknowledged want of full disquisitions on syntax, and of grammatical exercises, has not been adhered to, and so make the work complete and suitable for the student at every stage of his progress, and in every department. We have had occasion recently, in noticing other grammars, to say a good deal on the subject generally, and it is therefore unnecessary to say more in noticing the work before us—the best Gaelic Grammar, even yet, ever issued—than to acknowledge our indebtedness to the publishers, to whom Celtic literature owes so much, and to the Royal Celtic Society of Edinburgh, that, we are told, afforded very substantial aid towards publishing the work. It is well and neatly printed.

Correspondence.

LOGAN'S SCOTTISH GAEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have been reading your notice of the reprint of the late Mr James Logan's *Scottish Gael*, also the memoir of him by the Reverend Mr Stewart, in which you express regret at the limited account therein given of the author, suggesting that had an application been made to me the memoir might have been made more elaborate. Methinks I read an account not unlike the memoir, in the *Inverness Advertiser*, at the time of Logan's death. No one knew that unfortunate son of genius better than I did, and there is not much of great interest to be said about him after all. His companionship was not interesting; he had a failing which he could not overcome, and the accident he met with in early life, which injured his head, affected the jaw-bone also, and this caused defective articulation. He was therefore, very reticent in conversation. Unlike Mr Stewart's London correspondent I should pronounce Mr Logan a dull man.

On these points I would not trouble you, but I should like to draw attention to one that is of more consequence, as the gentleman is still alive, and the injustice may come under his notice (being probably a subscriber to the second edition, as I know he was to the first). The memoir would represent that it was through the intercession of Captain M'Neill that Logan became an inmate of the Charter House. It was not so; true, he wrote to Sir James Graham, and would have been successful (if there had been a vacancy) in getting Logan on the literary staff of the British Museum. Shortly after this Captain M'Neill met with a premature death (1844). In this dilemma I thought of another patriot in the person of Sir Charles Forbes of Edinglassie (and of King William Street), who kindly undertook to present to Prince Albert the Gaelic Society's petition in favour of getting Logan elected as a brother pensioner of the Charter House. The Prince being a trustee, the application had almost immediate attention, and Brother Logan was admitted in 1850, *six years after Captain M'Neil's death*.—I am, &c.

J. C. M.P.

London, 1876.

TEACHING GAELIC IN THE SCHOOLS.—On Saturday, the 18th of November, the Inverness Branch of the Educational Institute unanimously passed the following resolution, proposed by Hugh C. Gillies, teacher, Culloden:—“That we recommend Gaelic to be placed as a Special Subject on Schedule IV. of the Scotch Code, on the same basis as ‘*English Literature*.’” This is even in advance of the Ross-shire Branch. What is Gairloch and Lochcarron doing?

THE REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D., author of “*Ossian and the Clyde*,” will, on an early date, deliver a lecture on the “*Ossianic Controversy*,” under the auspices of the Gaelic Society. We expect a literary treat.